

KING COUNTY LIBRARY SYSTEM



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Anne of Green Gables

a graphic novel

adapted by
Mariah Marsden

illustrated by
Brenna Thummler





Anne of Green Gables

a graphic novel

Mariah Marsden &
Brenna Thummler



Andrews McMeel

NOV 2017

To Lucy Maud Montgomery,
who reminds us that nothing is more powerful
than a girl with an imagination.



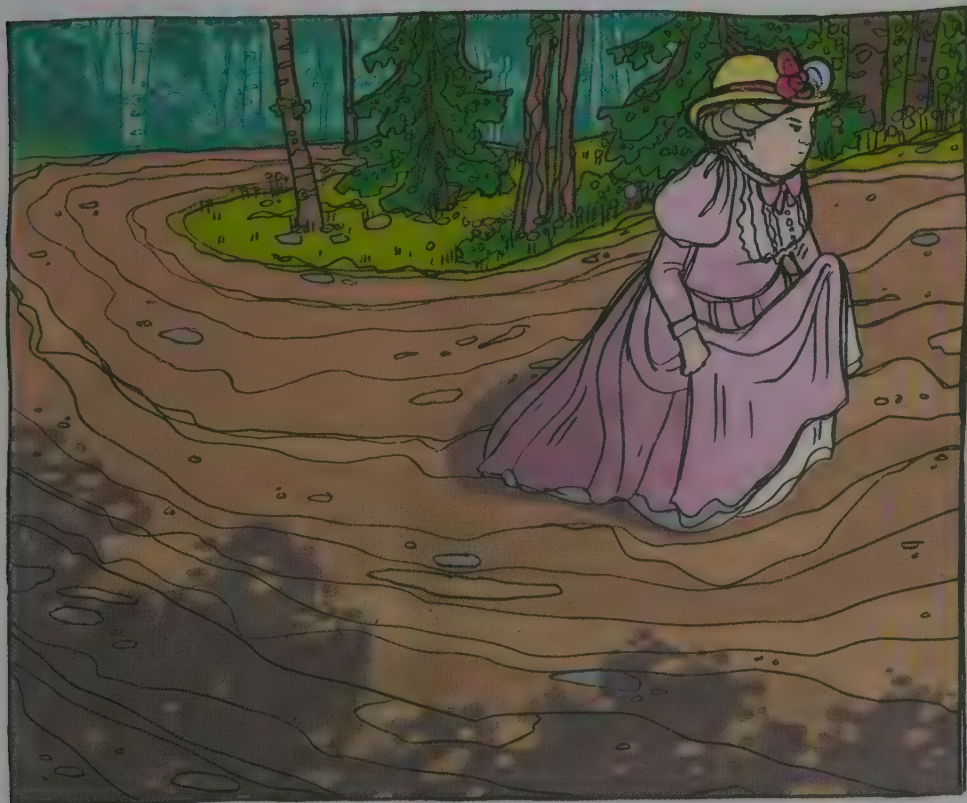
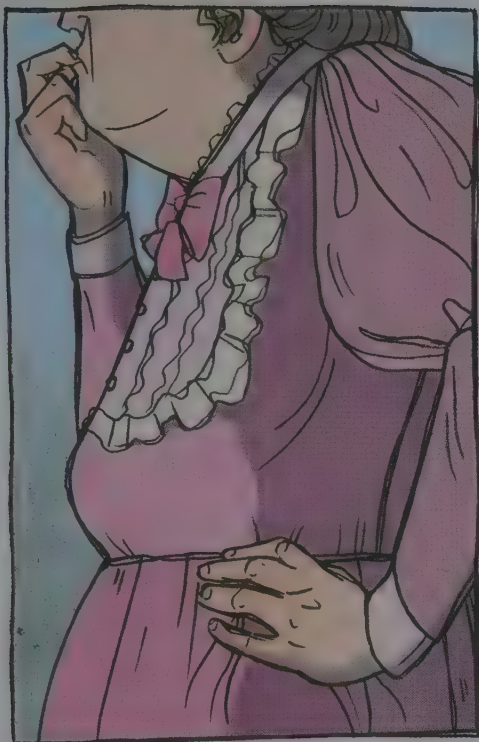
Around the green little town of Avonlea, there are plenty of people who pry into their neighbors' business while neglecting their own affairs.



A talented few can juggle both at the same time. Rachel Lynde was skilled in this art and always kept a watchful eye on her own neighbors: Marilla and Matthew Cuthbert, a brother and sister who lived just down the road at a place called Green Gables.



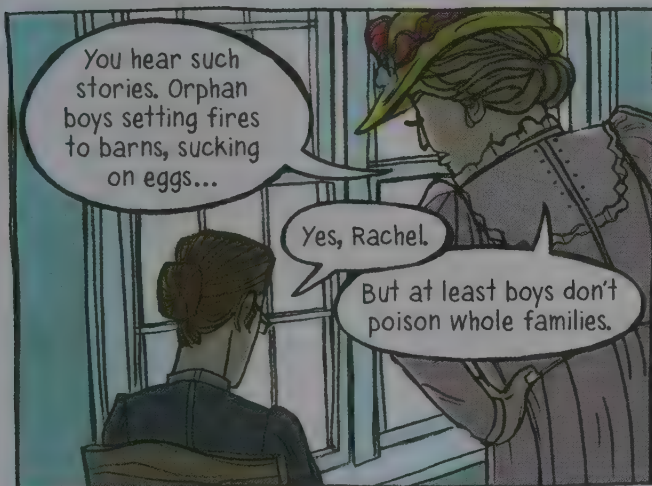


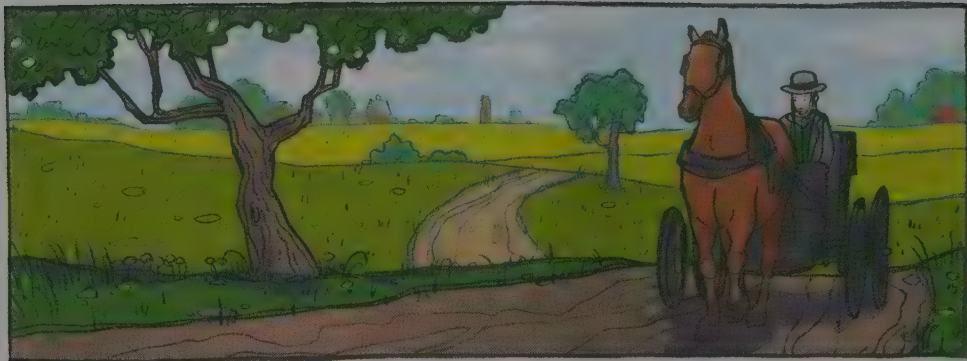




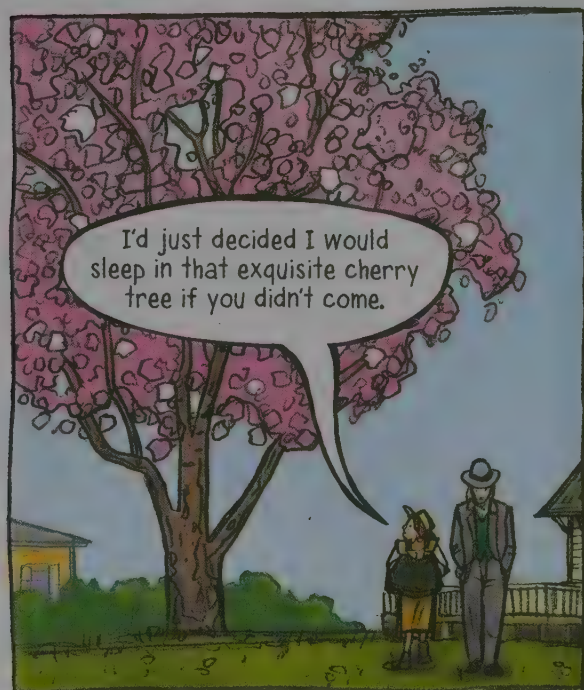


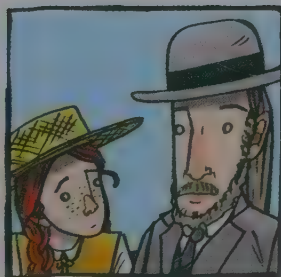
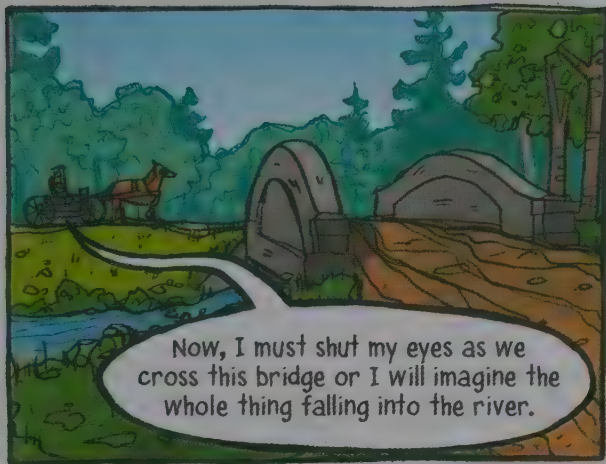






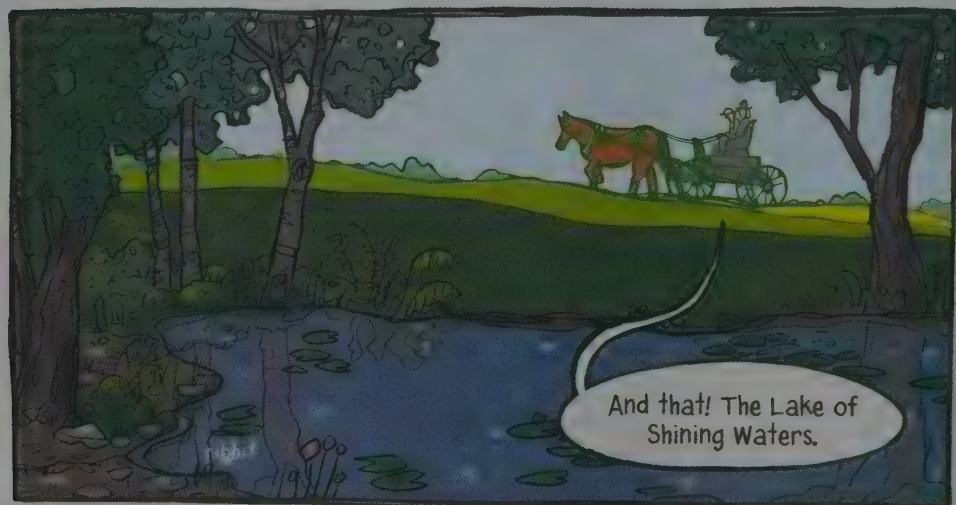








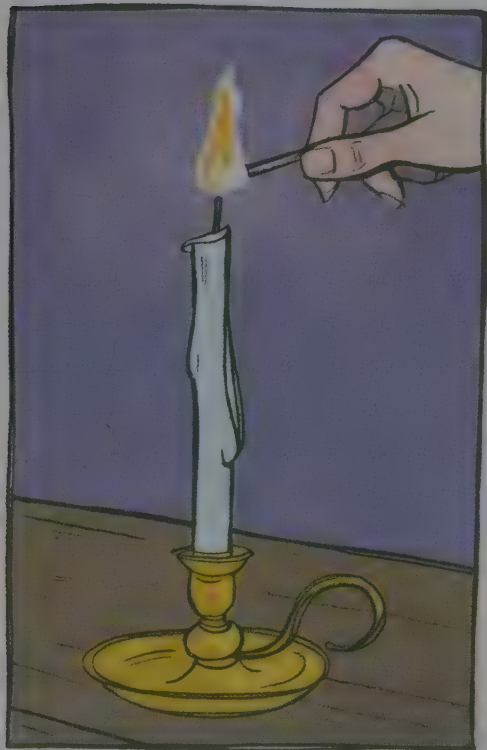


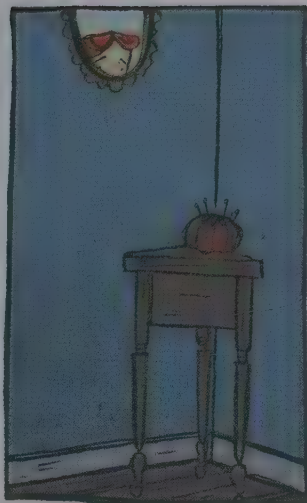
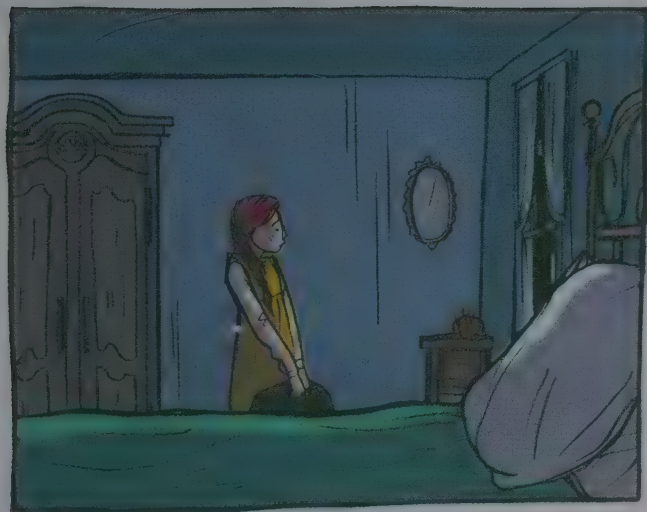


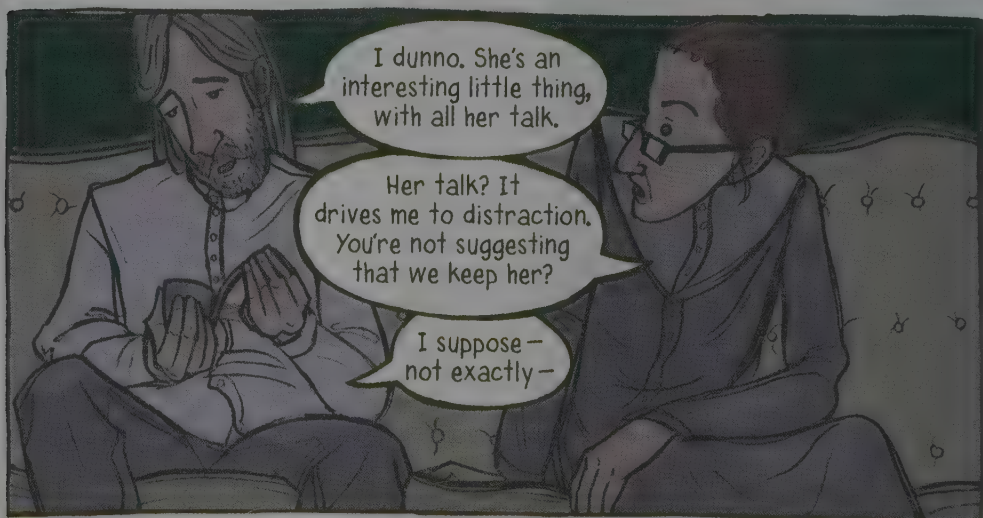






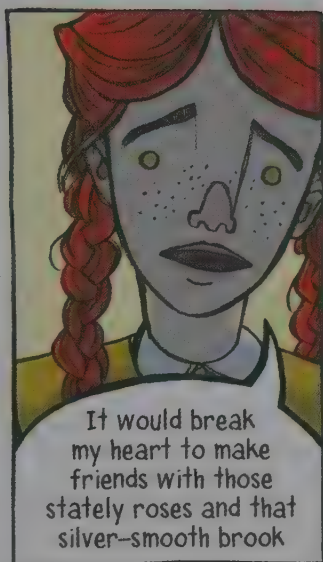




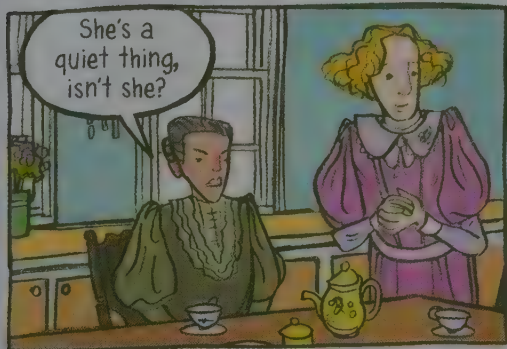
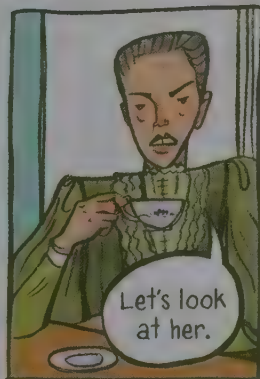






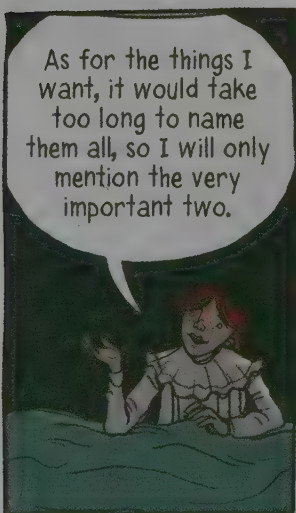
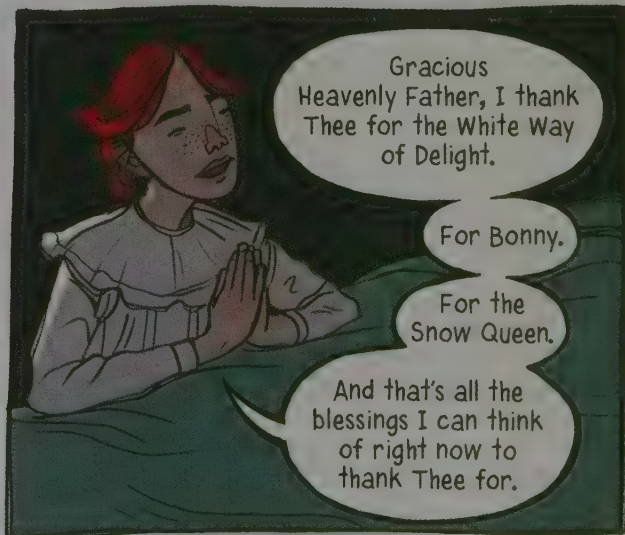


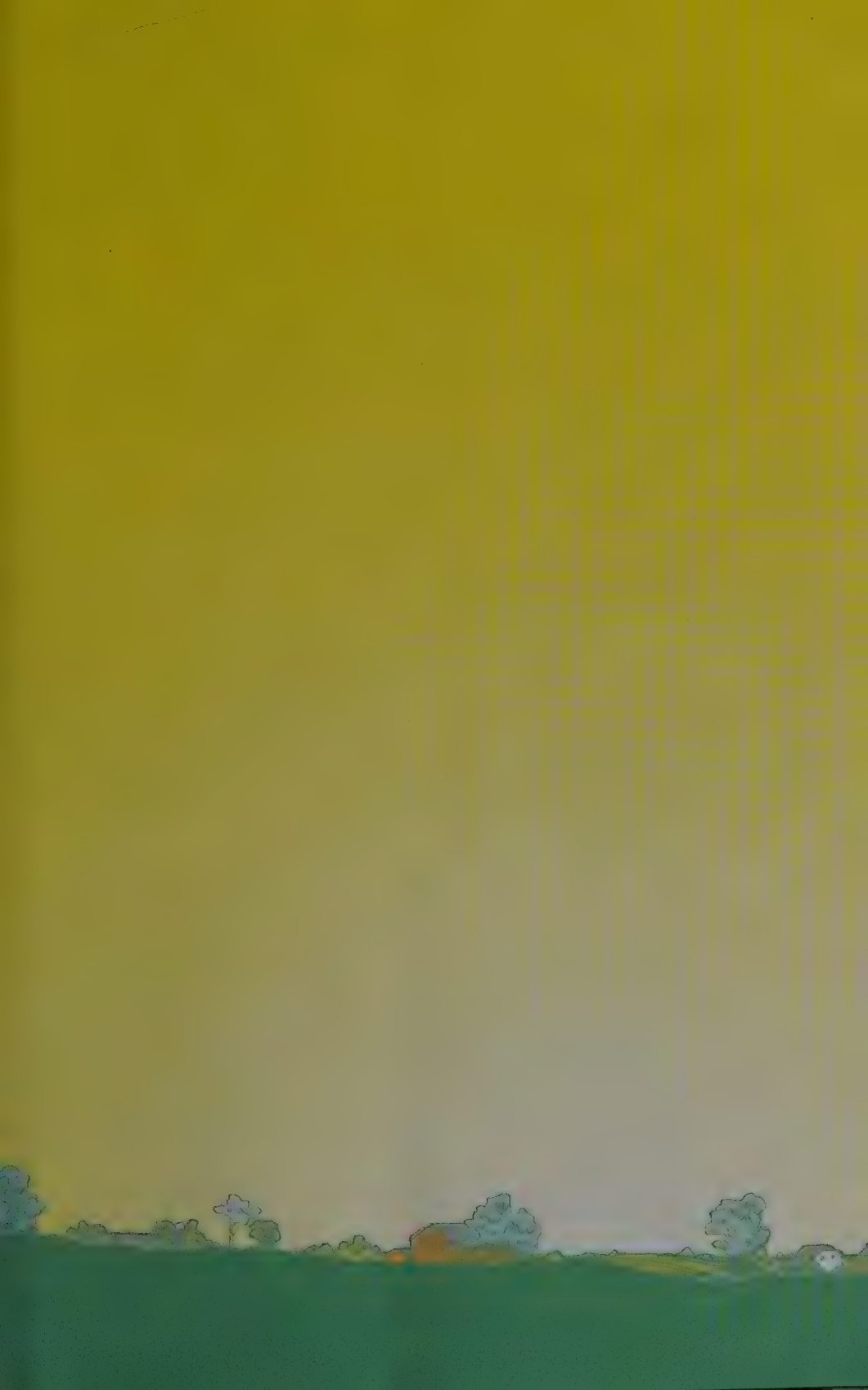


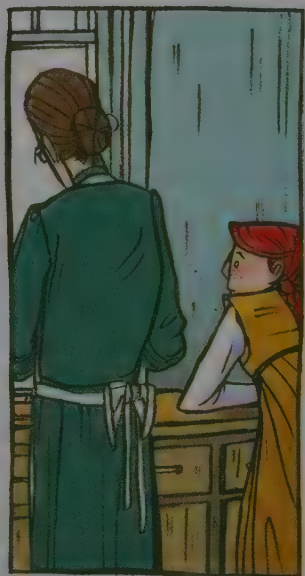
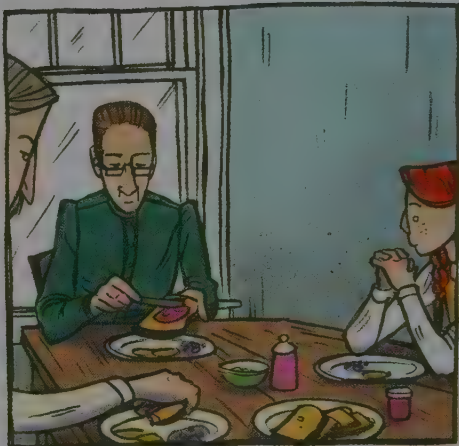




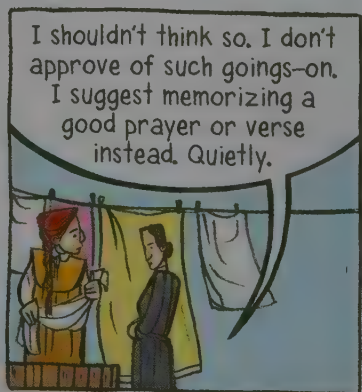
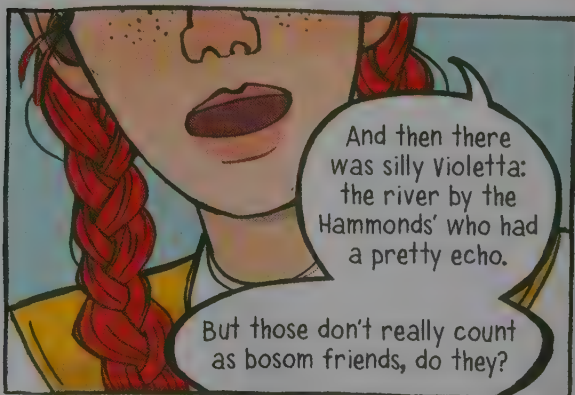
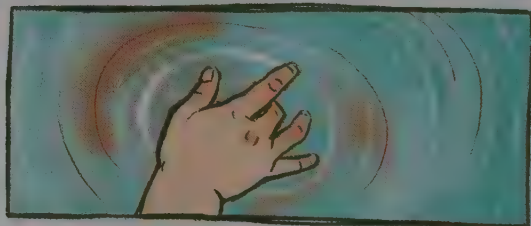
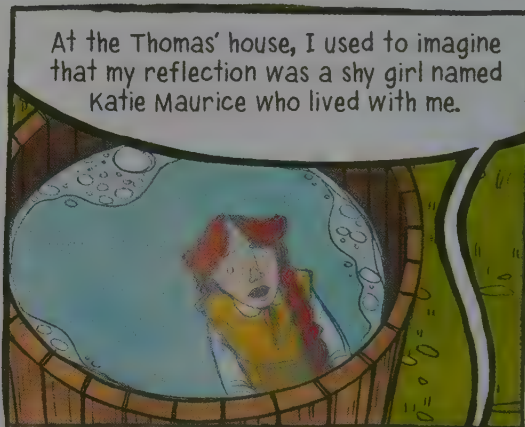


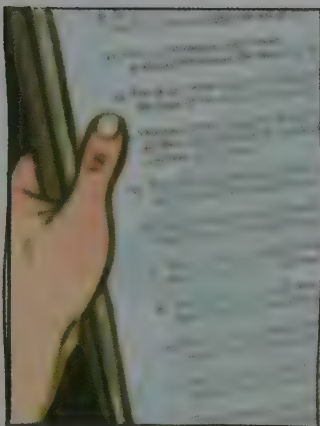


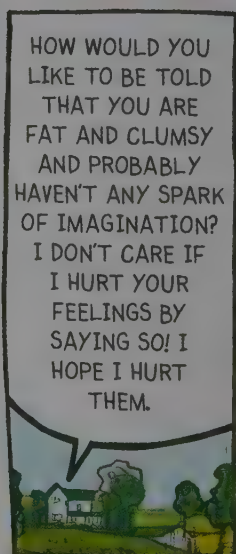
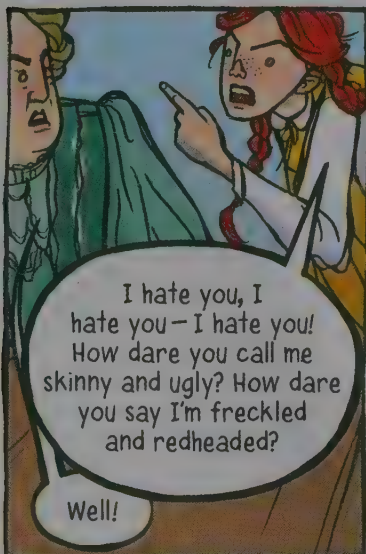


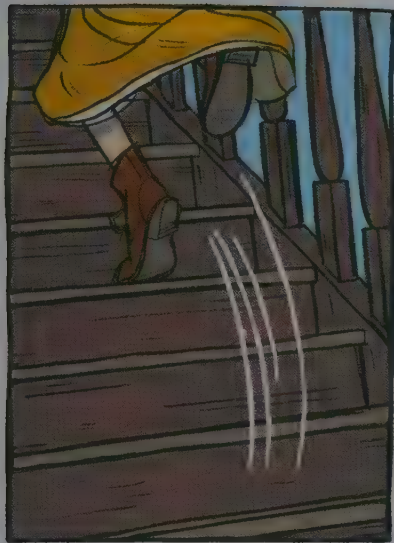




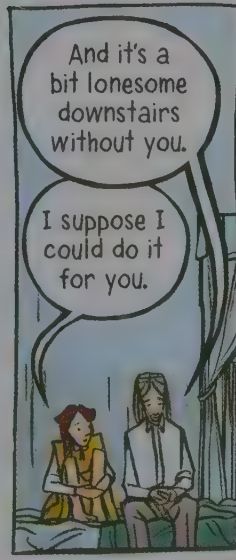




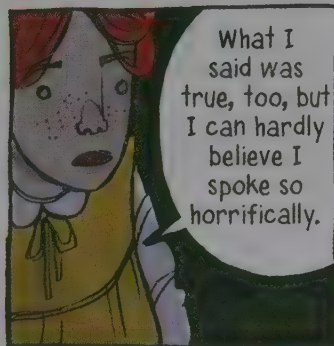










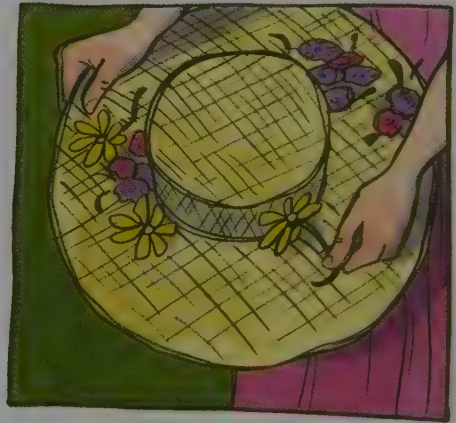


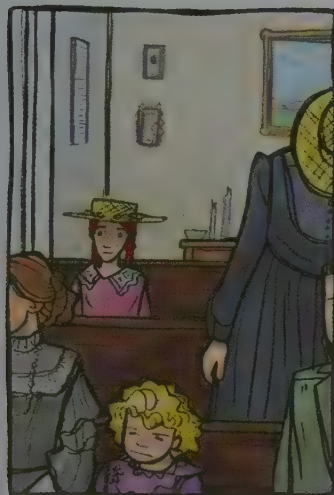






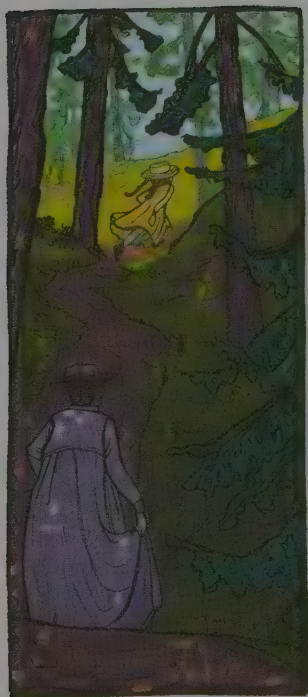






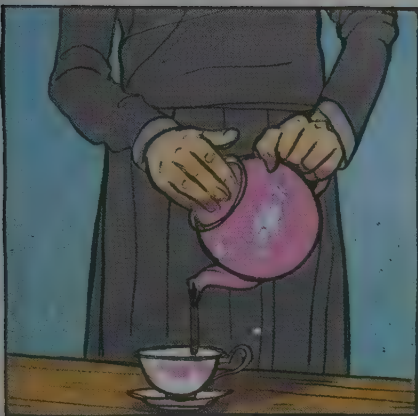












...never been
on a picnic?

Mr. Phillips is
going to take us out
on his boat.

There will
be currant
jam...

wicker
baskets...

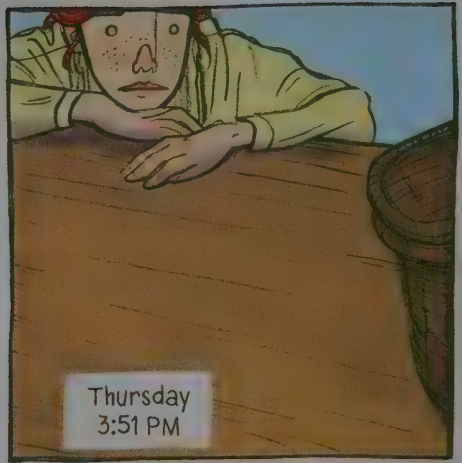
ICE CREAM—

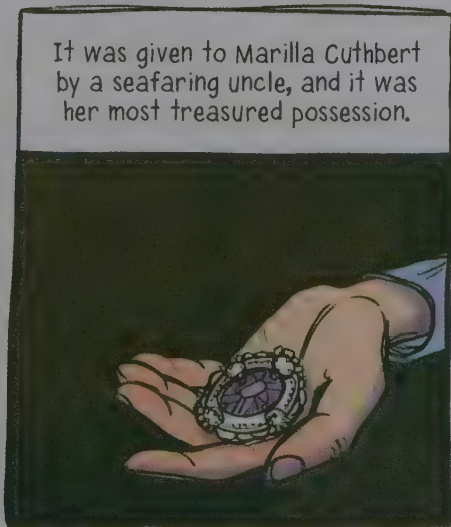
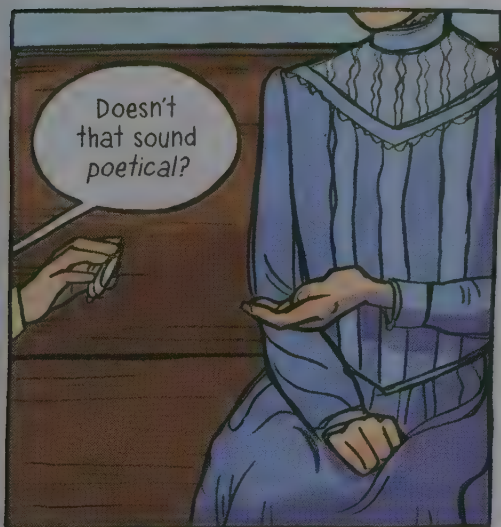
Ice cream?!

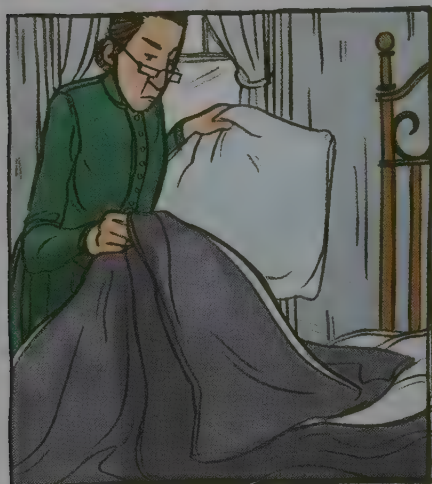
You've never heard
of ice cream?

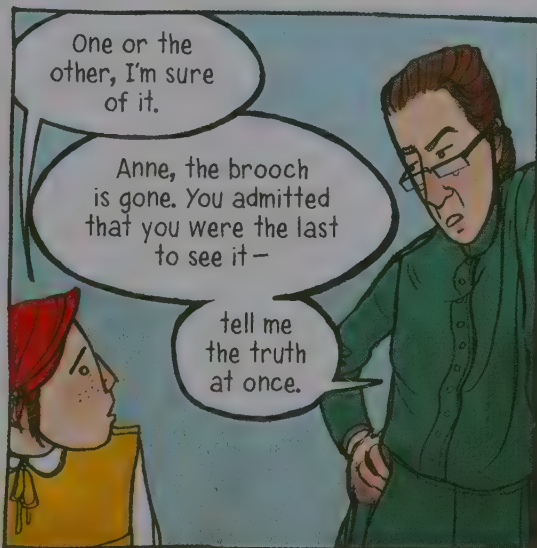






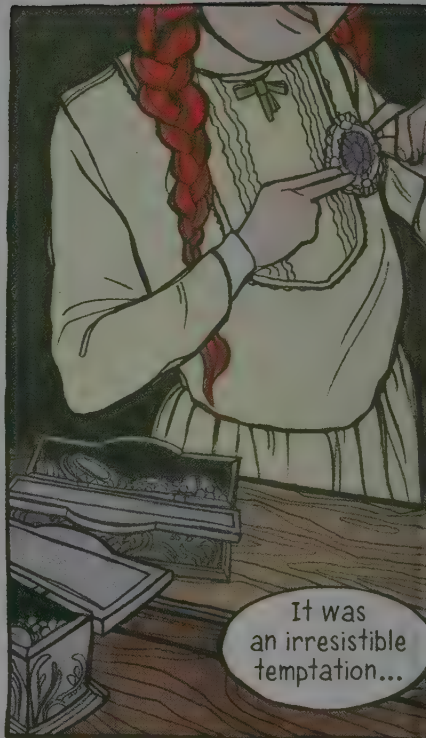
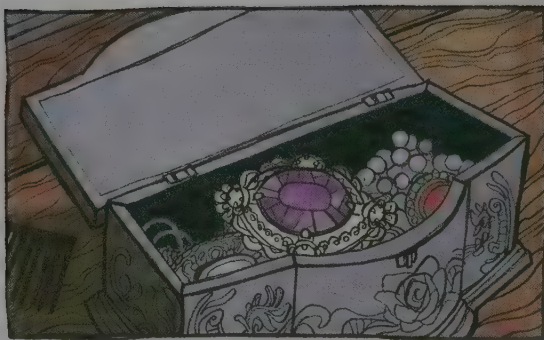












I took the
amethyst
brooch...

It was
an irresistible
temptation...

I was the Lady Cordelia Fitzgerald



...and
so regal
Marilla...



with my
gorgeous black
hair and puffed
sleeves.



Courtiers kissed
my hand...



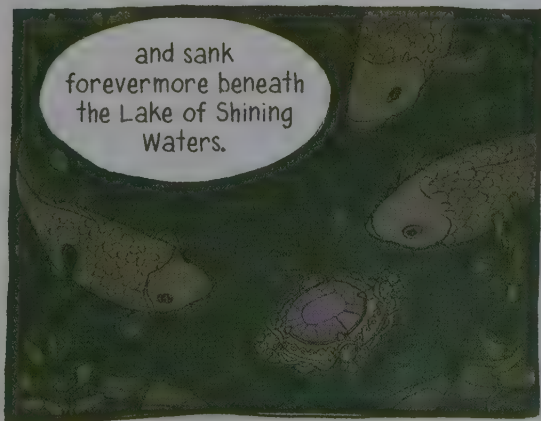
I took it
off for only
a second

to see
it shining in the
sunlight.

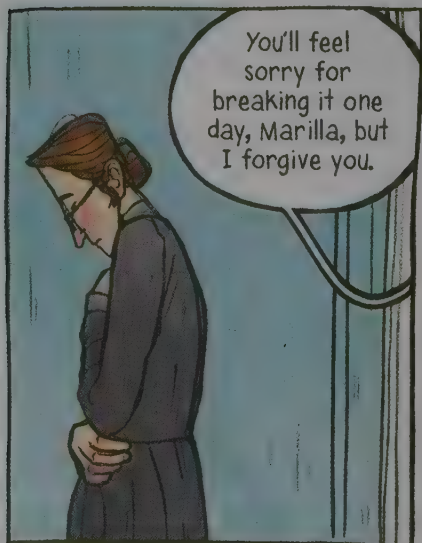
I leaned...

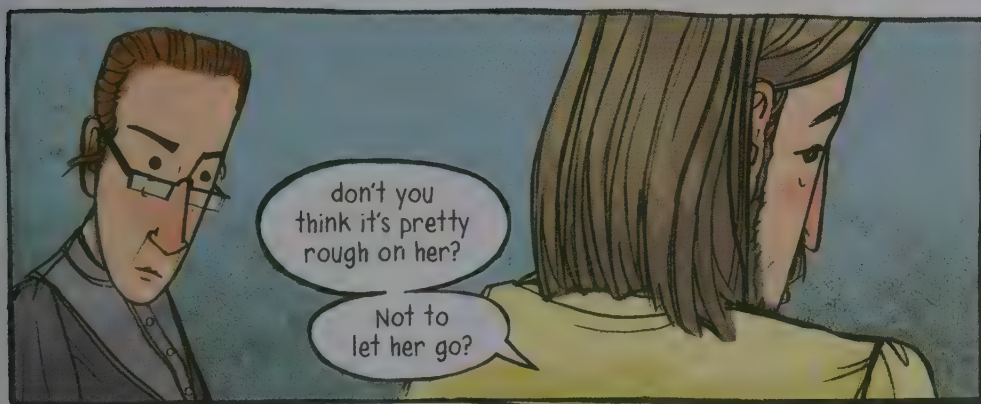
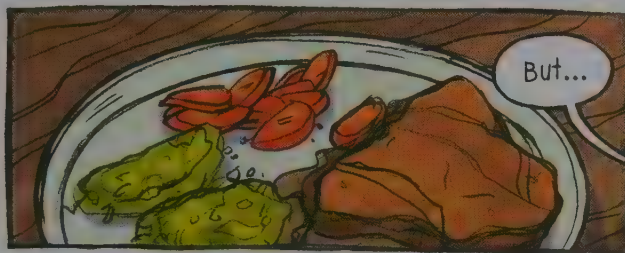


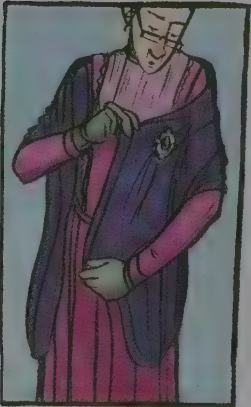
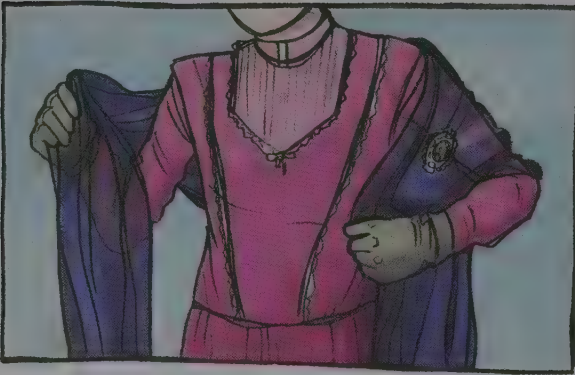
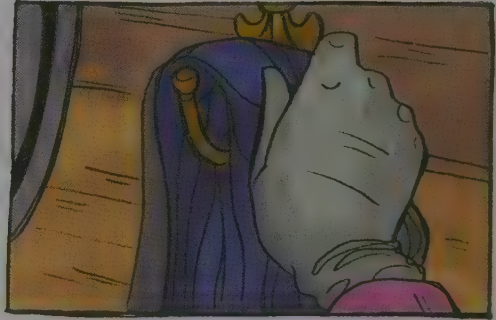
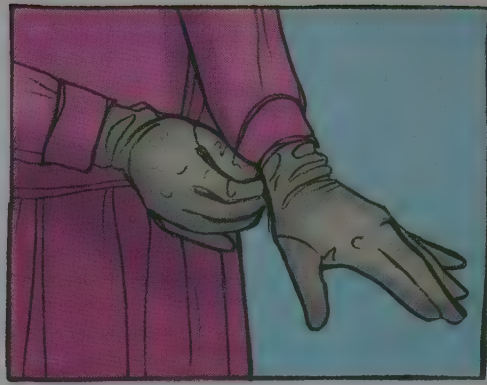
and it slipped...
purple and
sparkling,



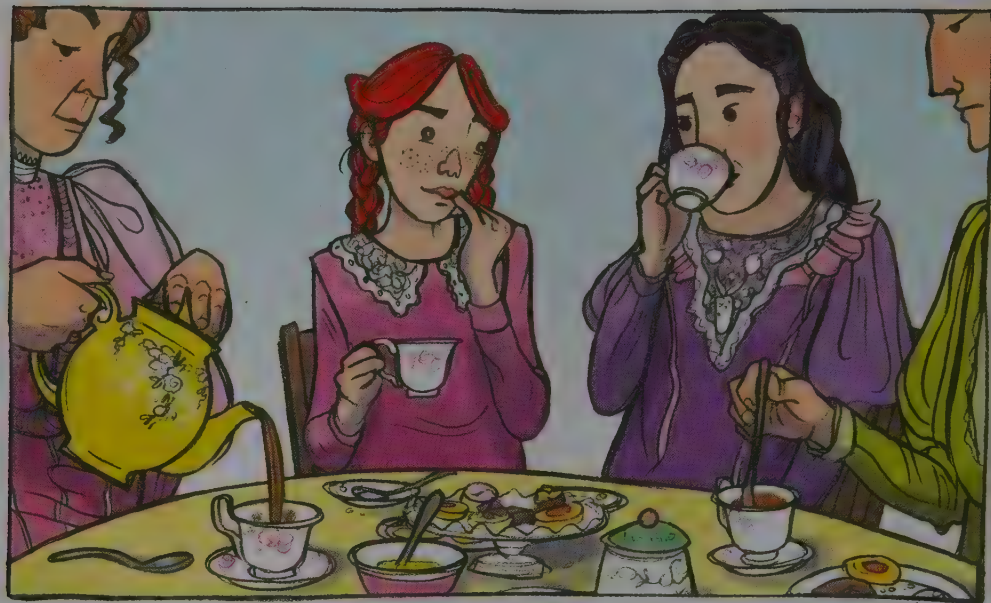
and sank
forevermore beneath
the Lake of Shining
Waters.



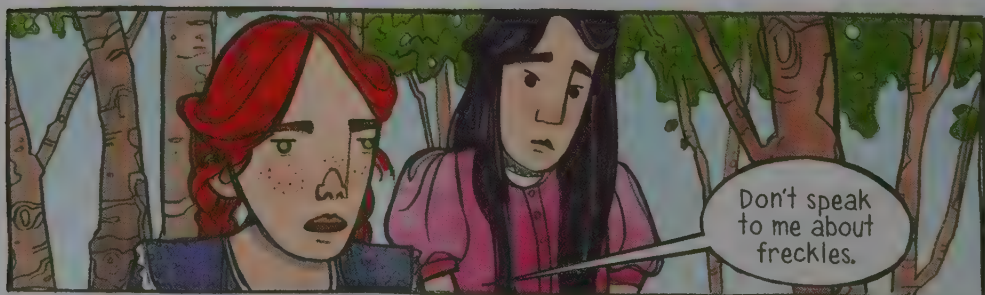
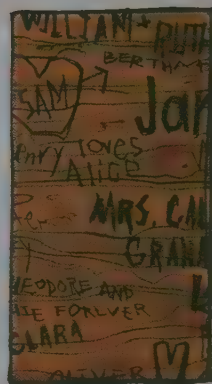


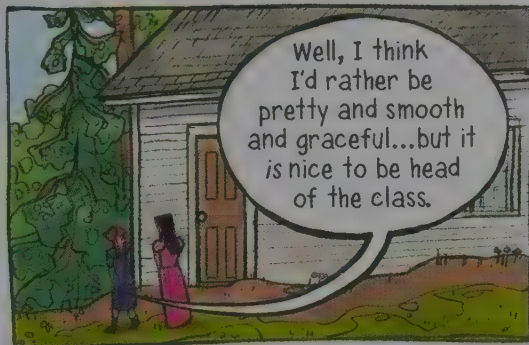
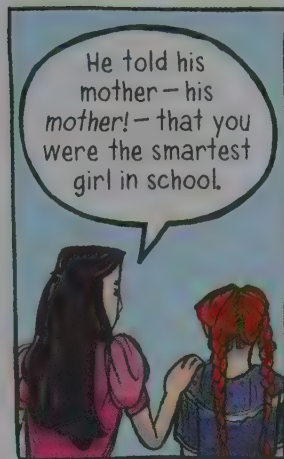








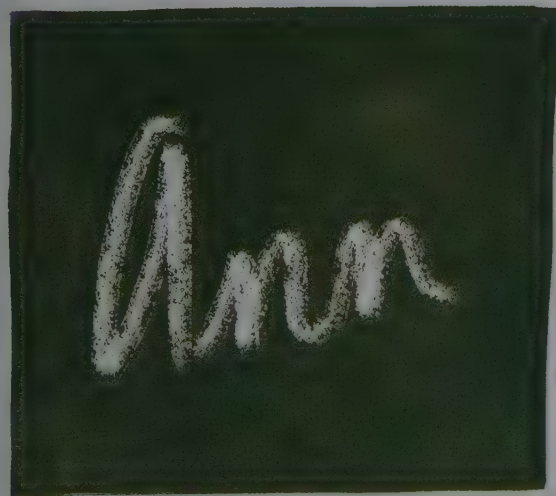
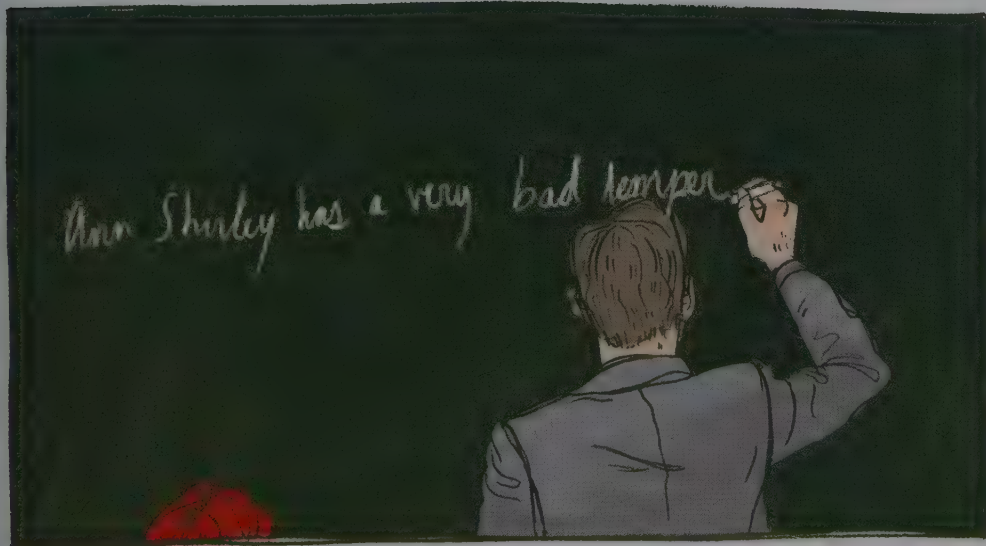












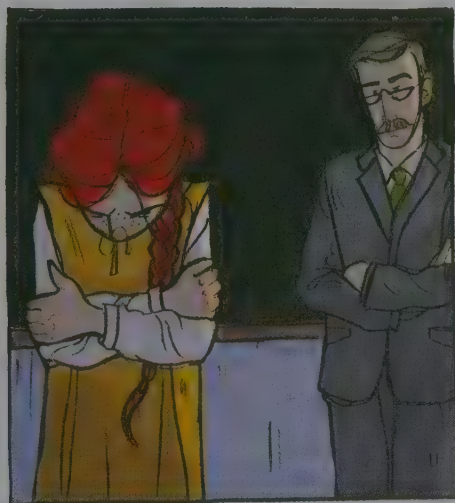
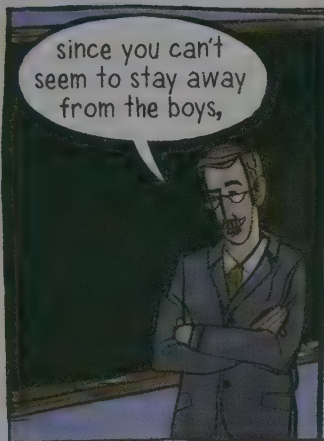
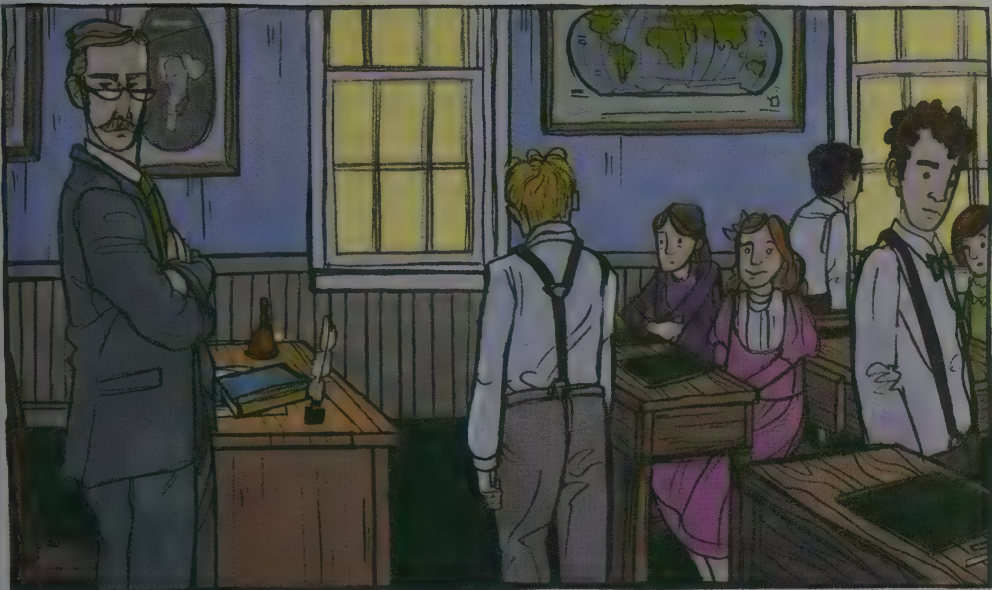


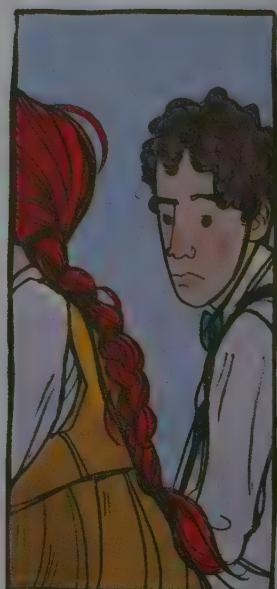
















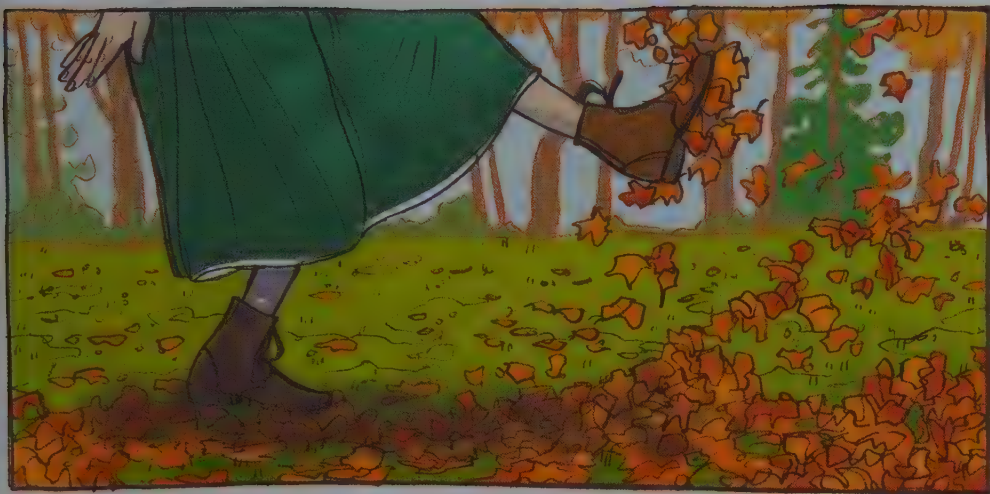




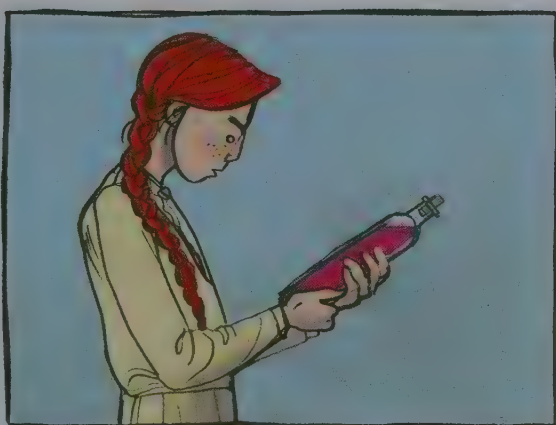
A cartoon illustration of a young girl with red hair in pigtails, freckles, and a surprised expression. She is wearing a dark grey coat over a light blue dress with a white lace collar. She stands in a park-like setting with a large tree on the right and many orange and red leaves falling around her. A speech bubble originates from her, containing the text "I'm so glad I live in a world where there are Octobers!".

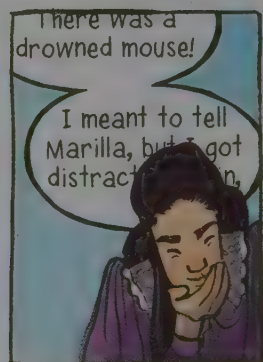
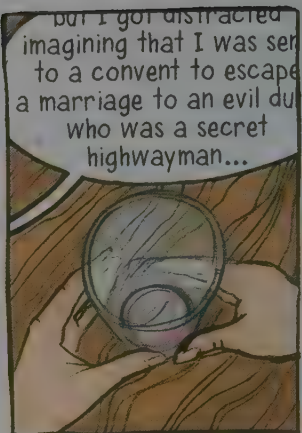
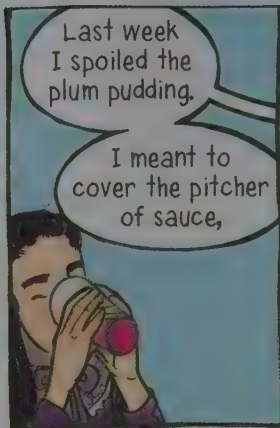
I'm so glad I live in
a world where there
are Octobers!







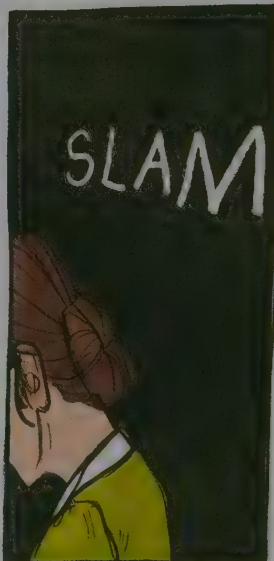


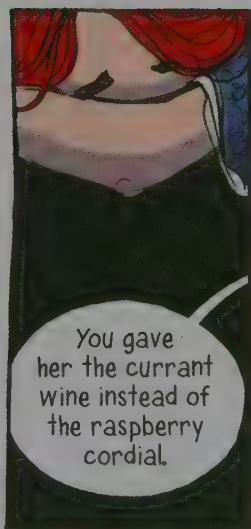
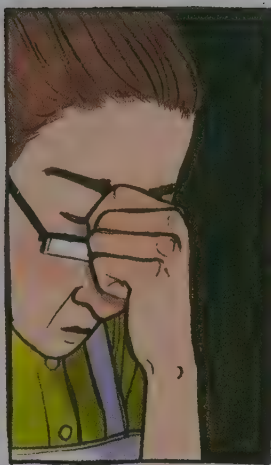
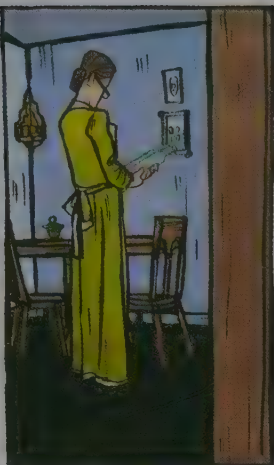


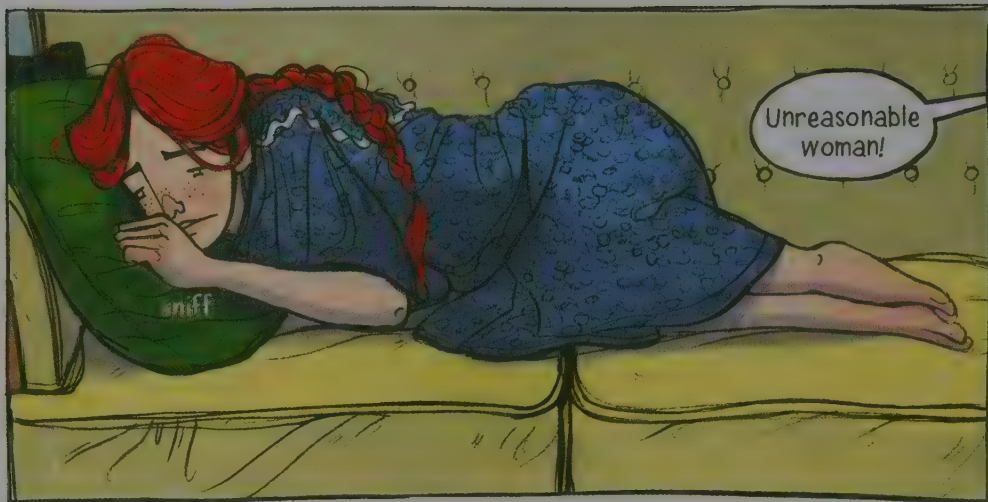


I must go home.

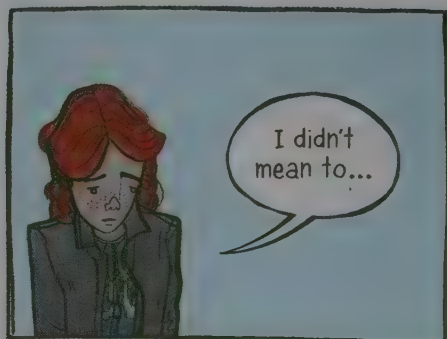
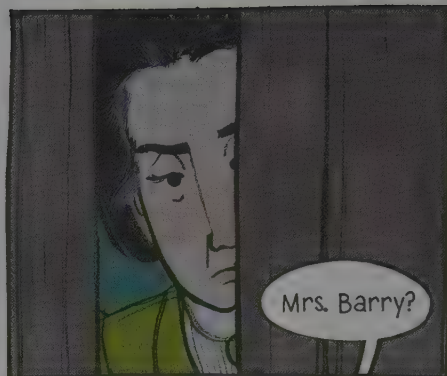


















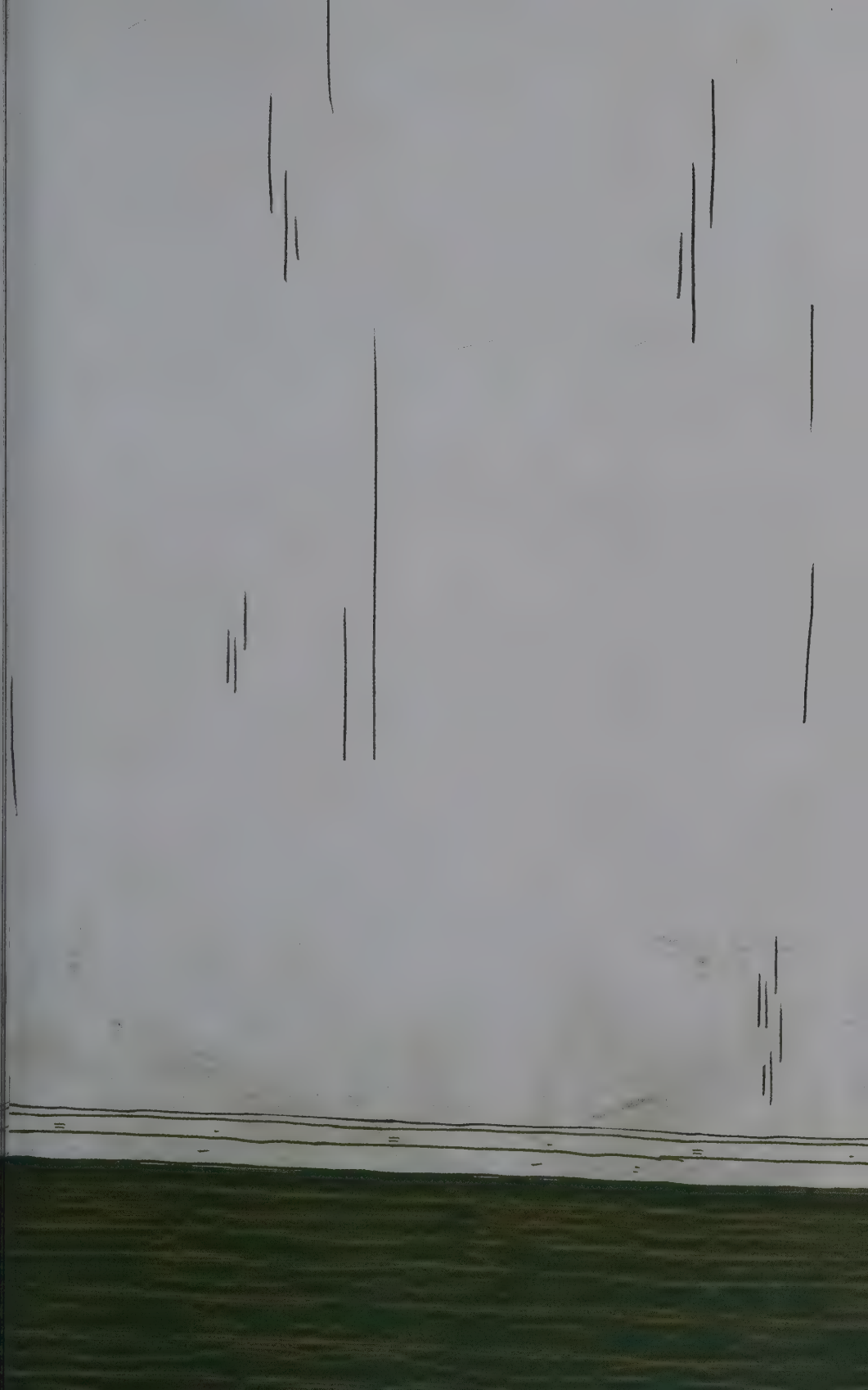


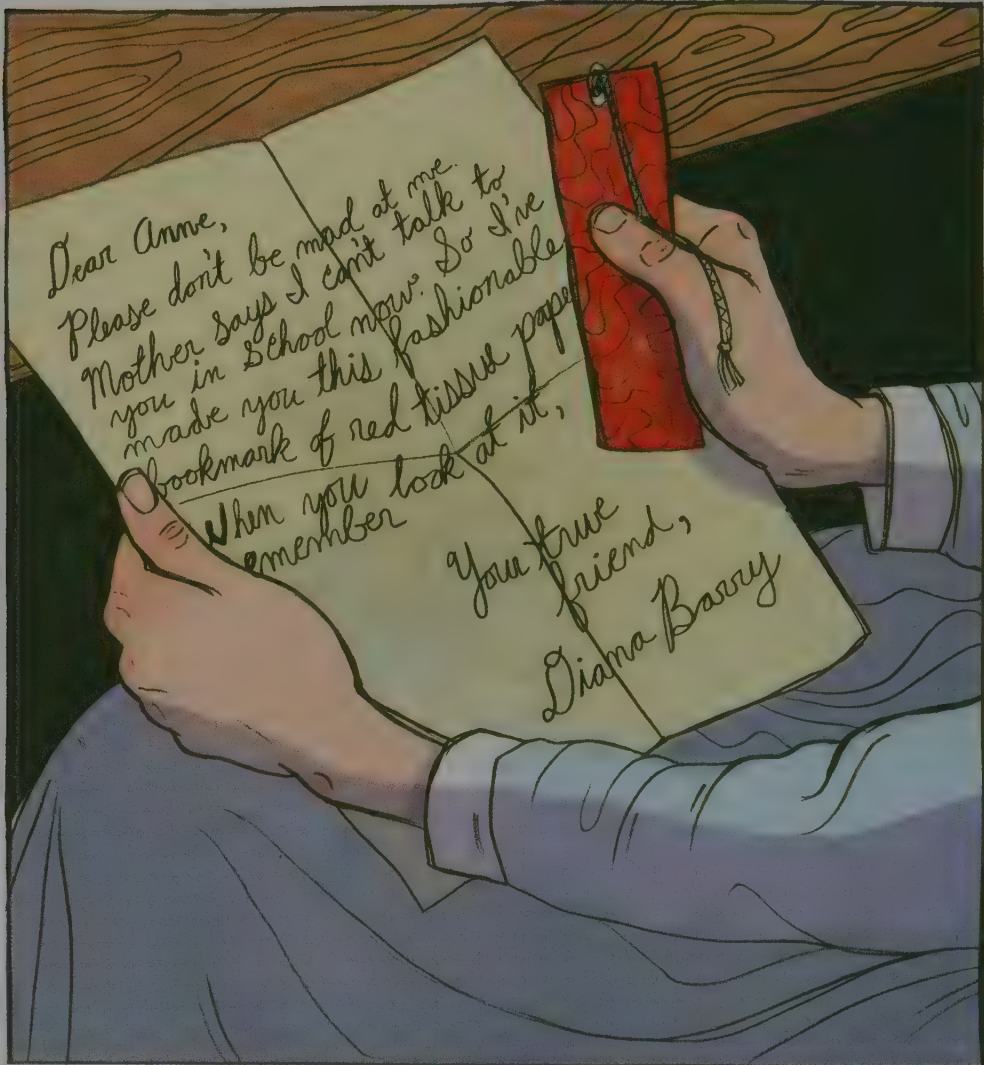
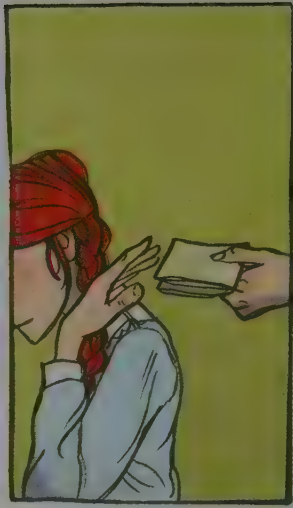




I'm going back to school. Facing Gil — the other students doesn't seem so painful after this heartbreak.

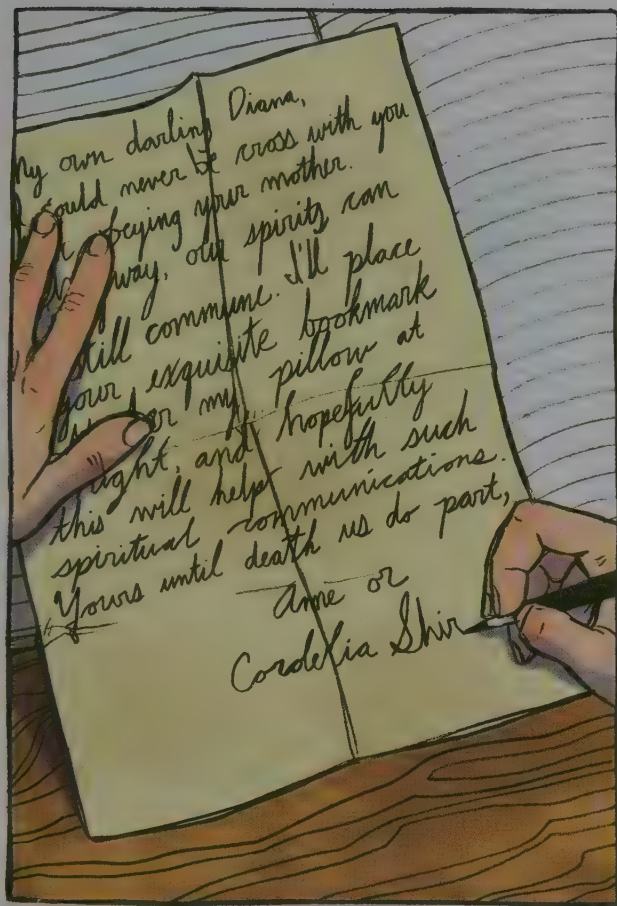


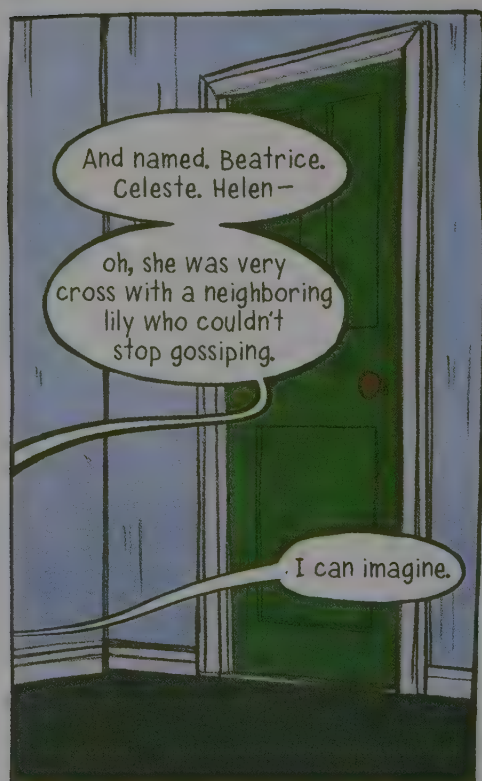
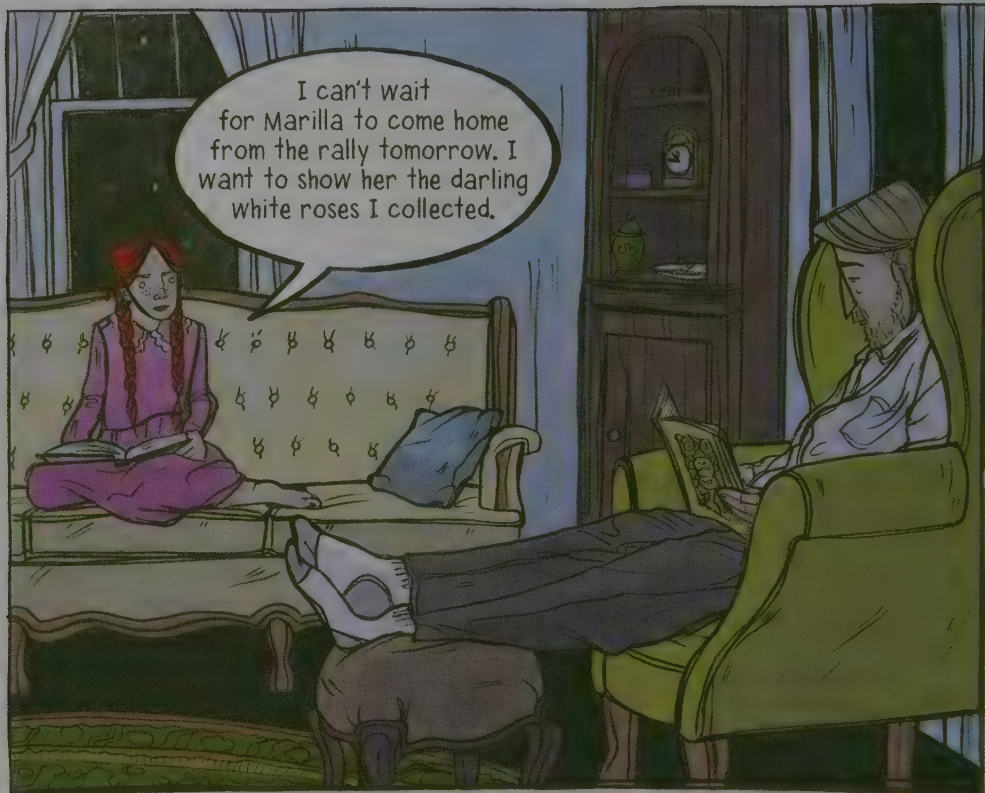




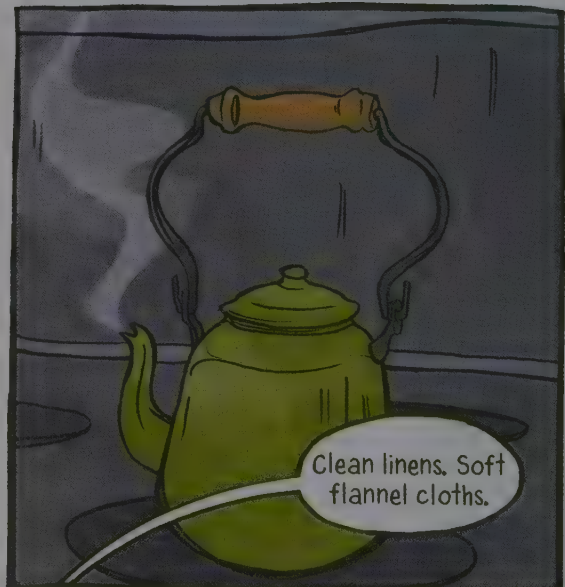
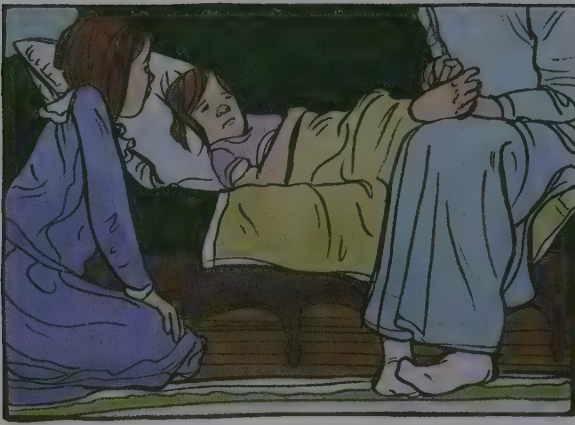
Dear Anne,
Please don't be mad at me.
Mother says I can't talk to
you in School now. So I've
made you this fashionable
bookmark of red tissue paper.
When you look at it,
remember

Your true
friend,
Diana Barry





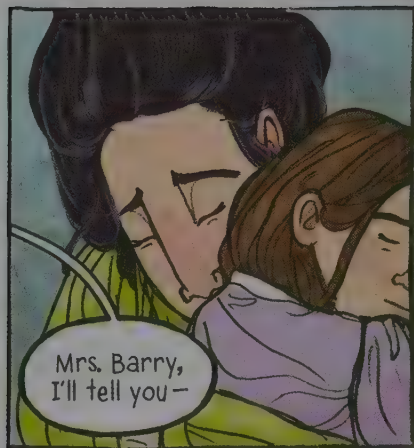












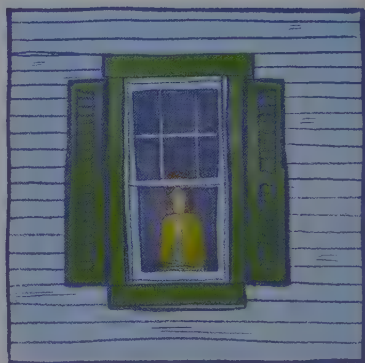
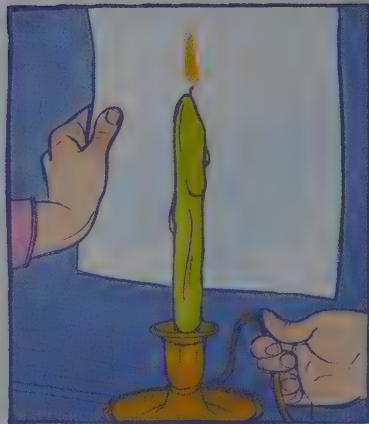


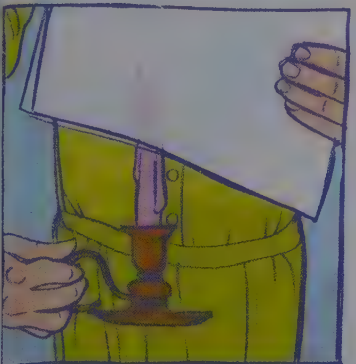
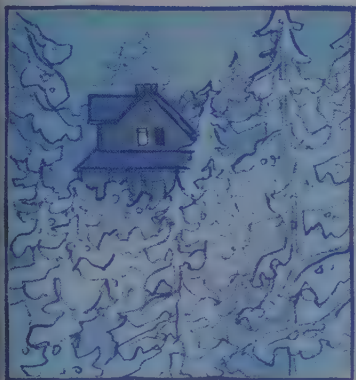
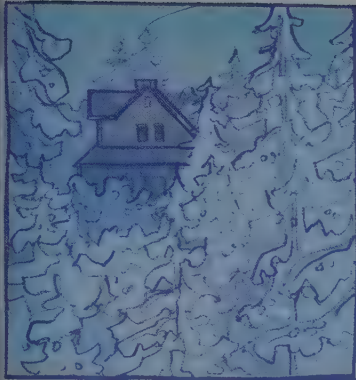


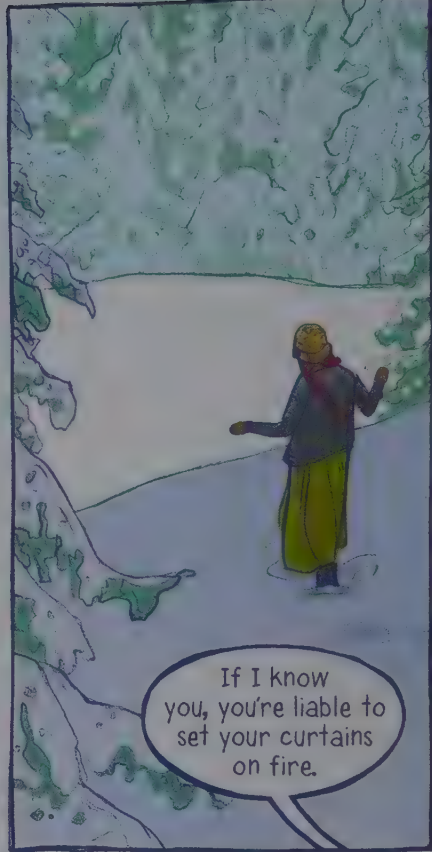
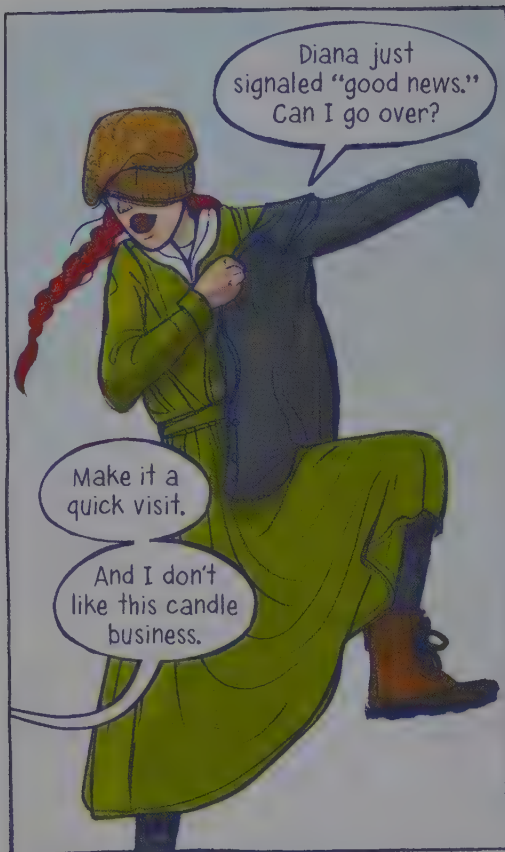




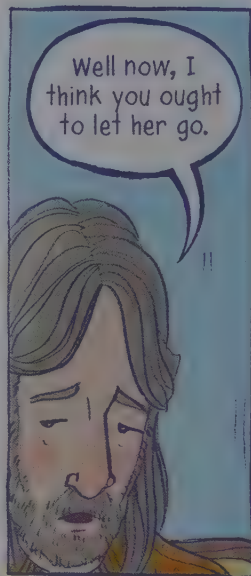
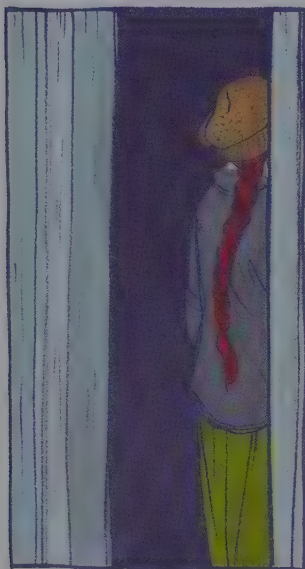
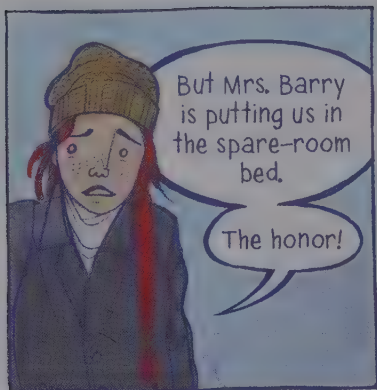


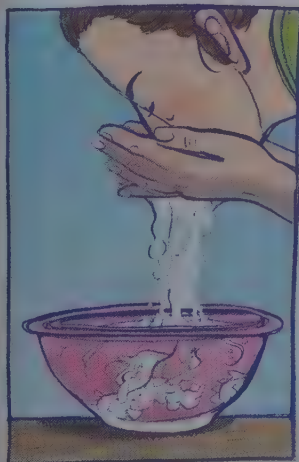


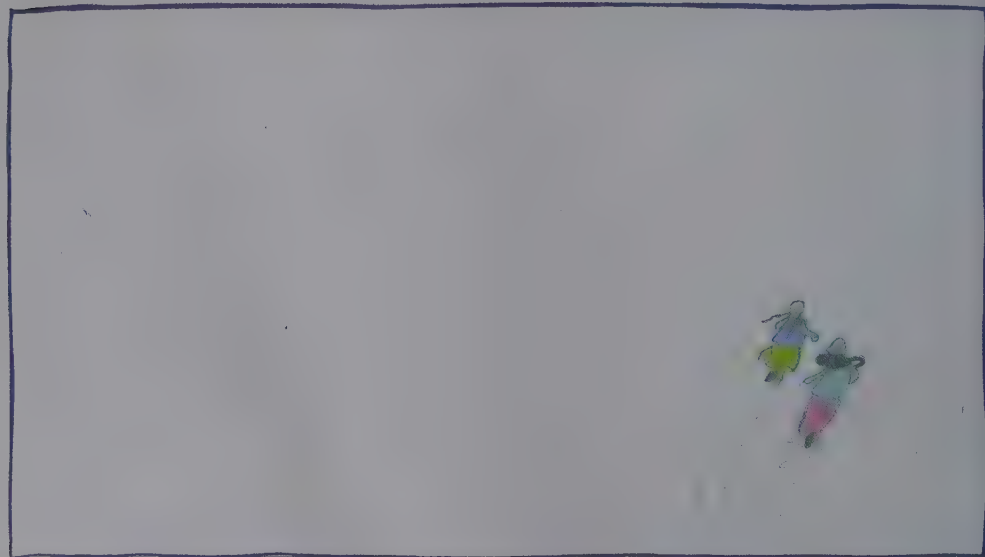
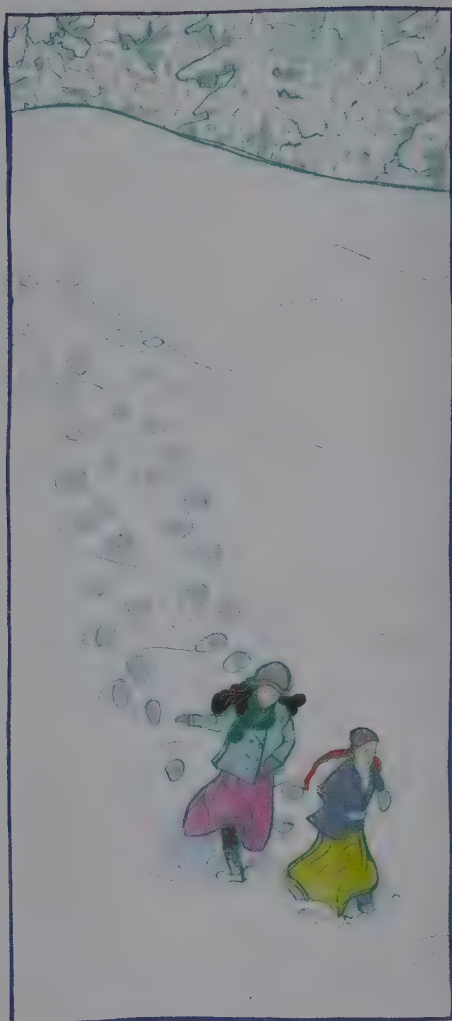




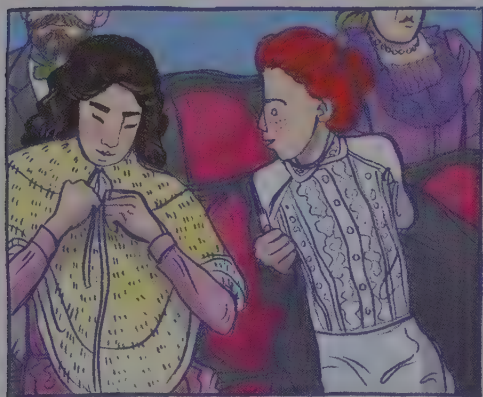


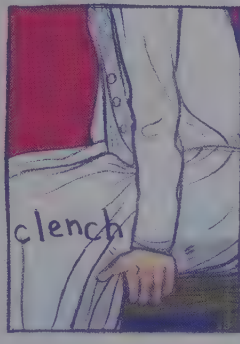
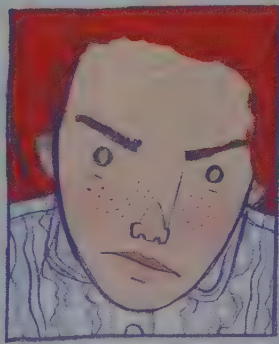
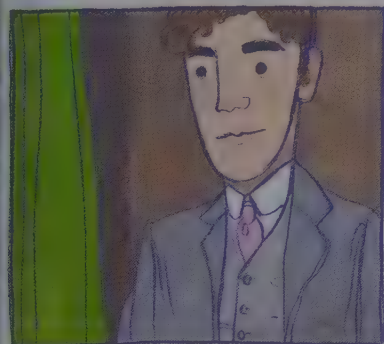
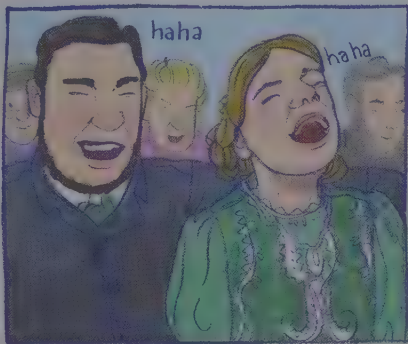


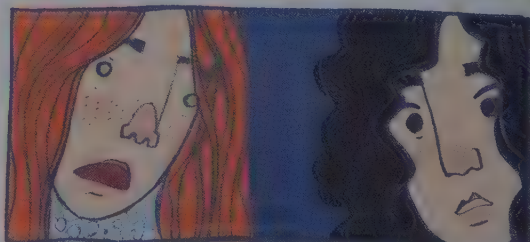
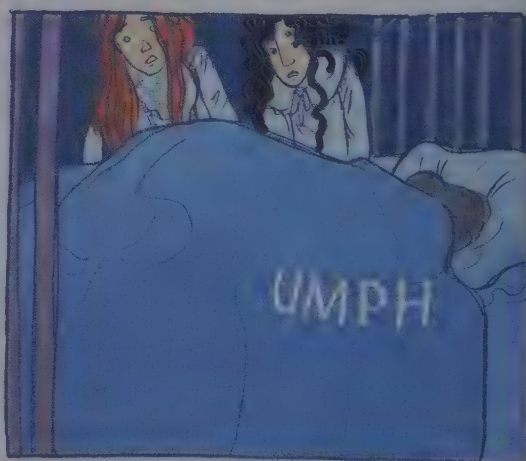
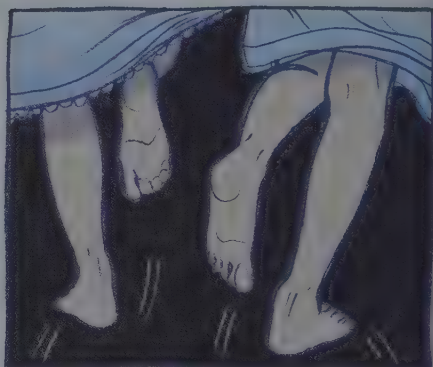
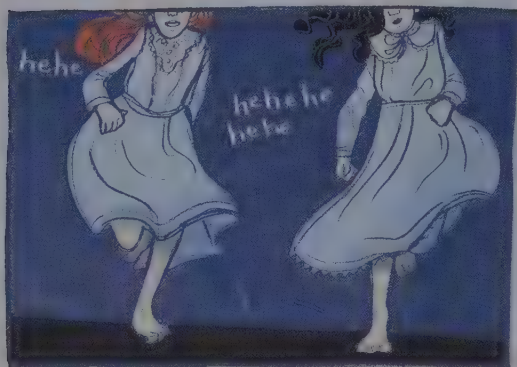
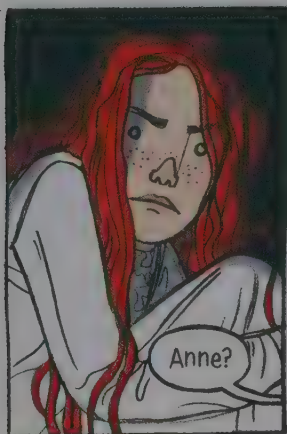


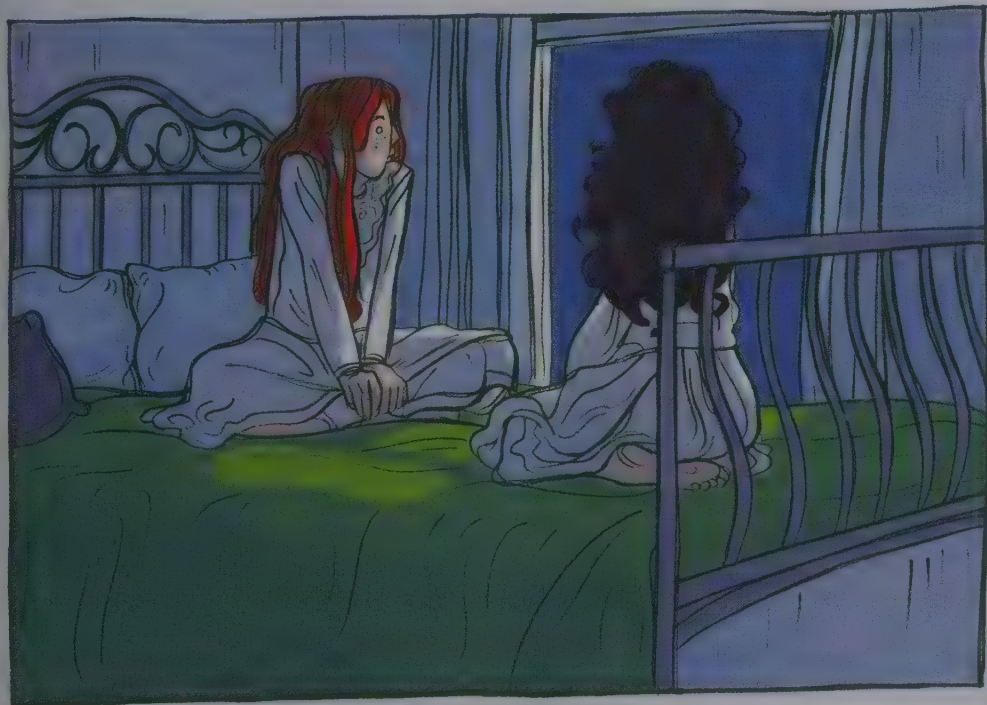






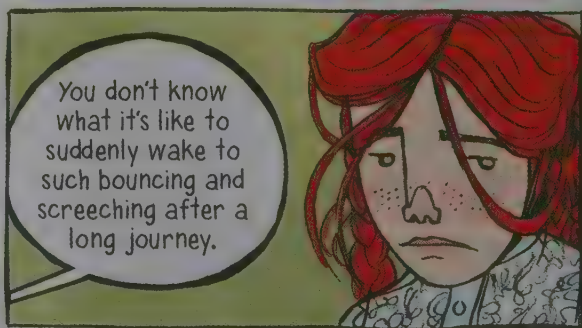
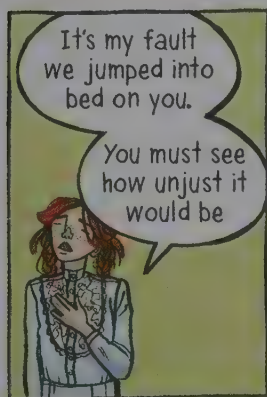


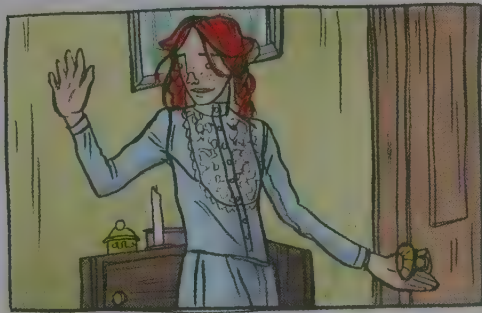


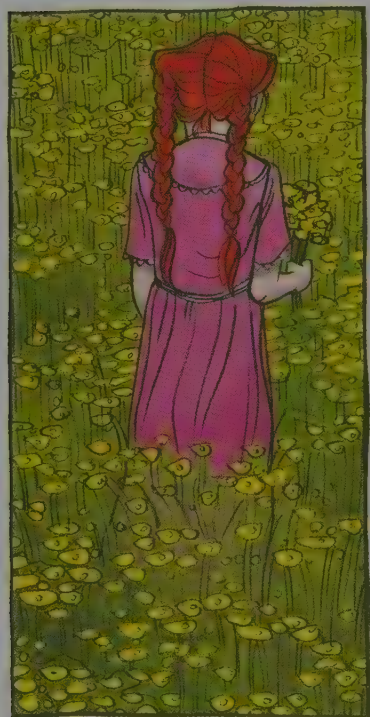


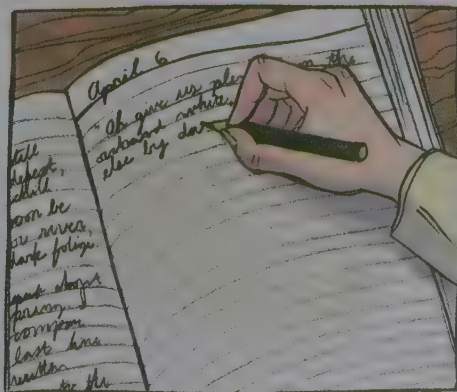
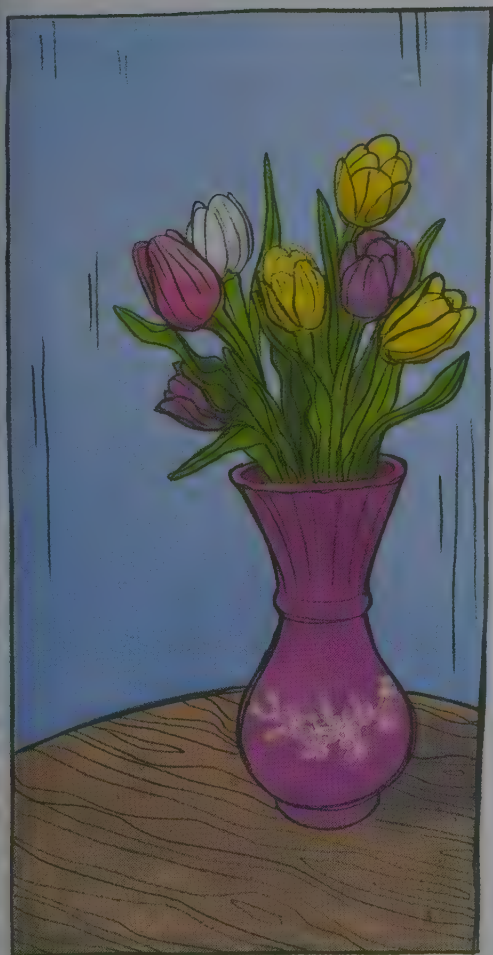




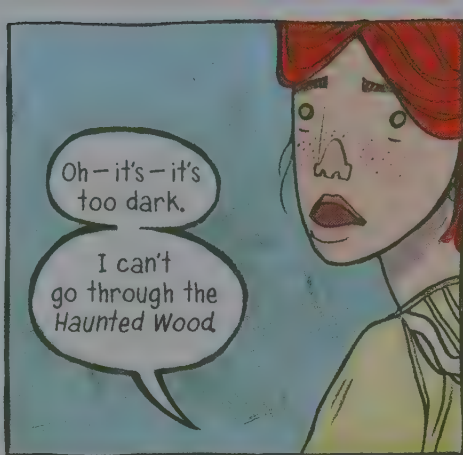


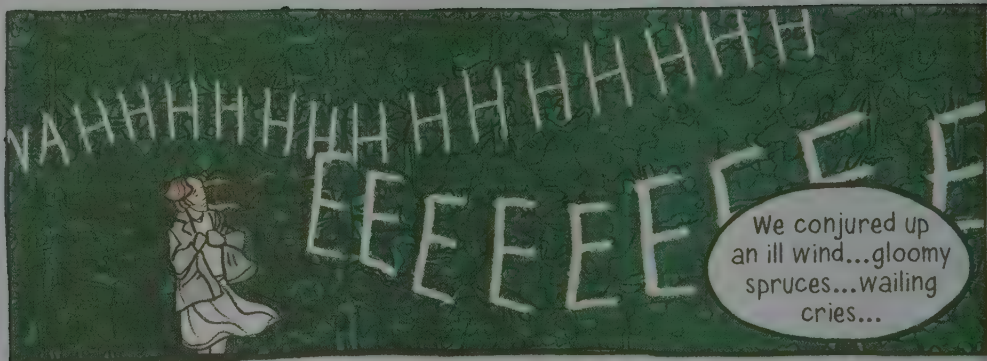












We conjured up
an ill wind...gloomy
spruces...wailing
cries...



white lady...
murdered
child...



icy fingers...



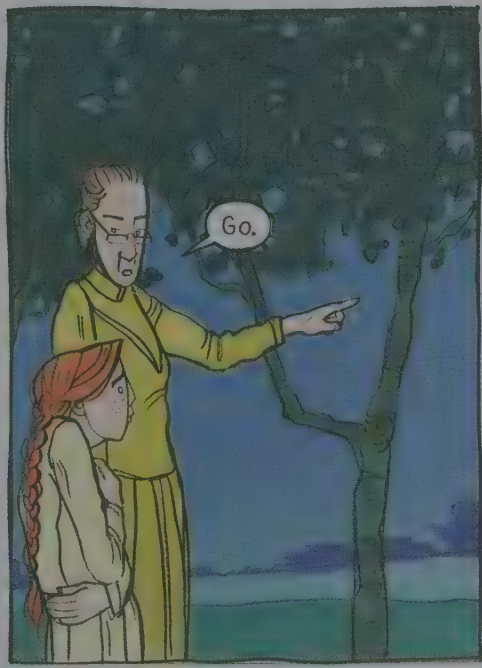
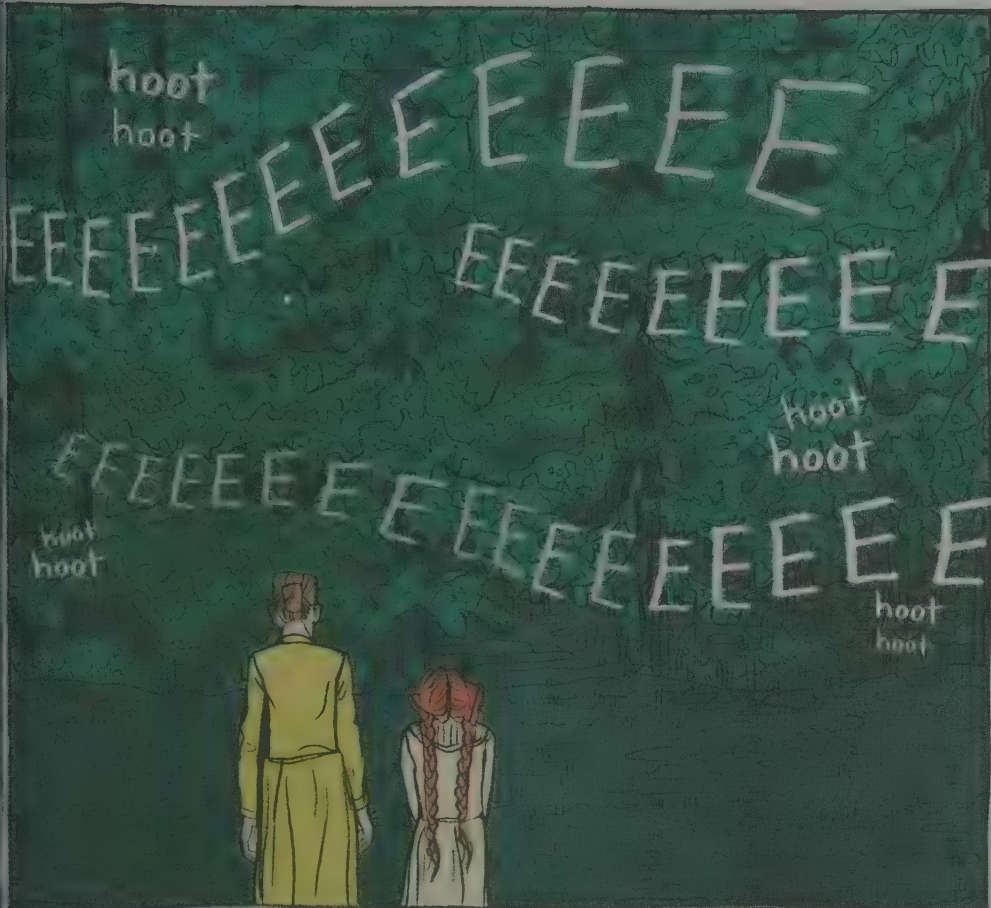
headless
men...

creeping...
shivers...
snatched...



Enough of this
ghost nonsense.
You're going now.





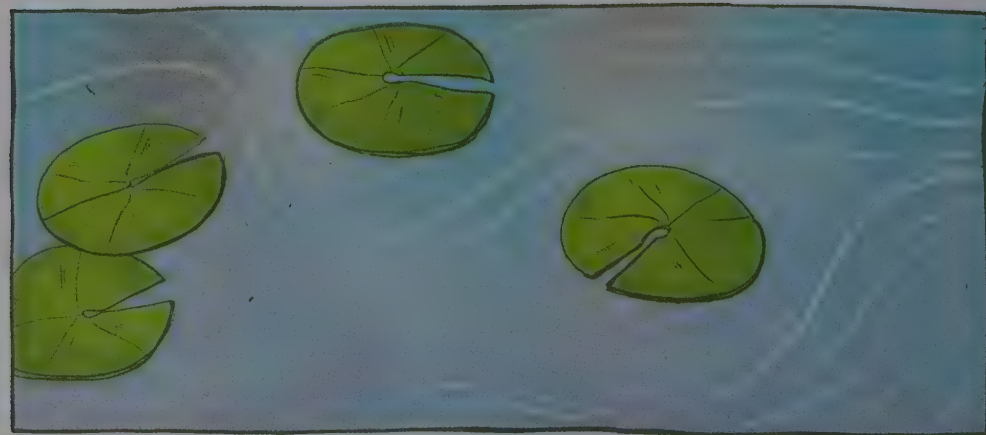
SCREEEECT
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
hoot hoot
hoot
EEEEEEEEEE
VAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
hoot
hoot
hissssssssssssss
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
hoot
hoot
hissssssssssssss
ECH
ssssssssssss
SCREEEE

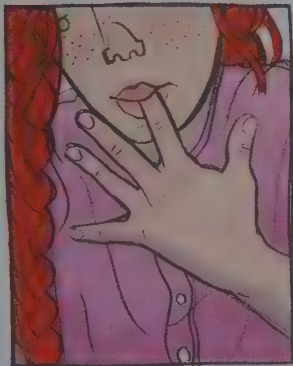




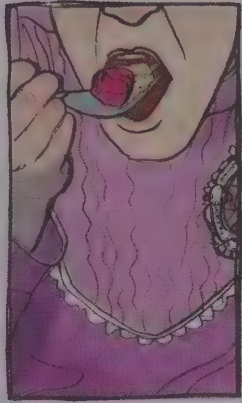


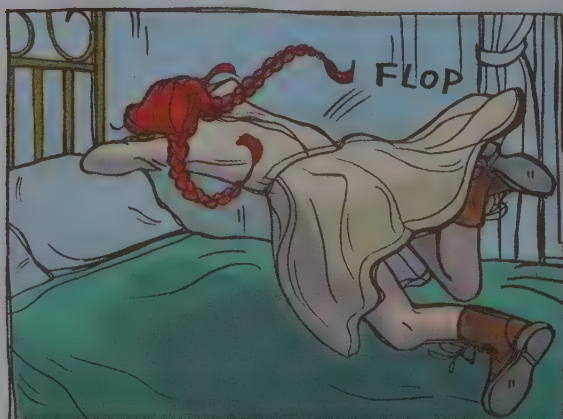


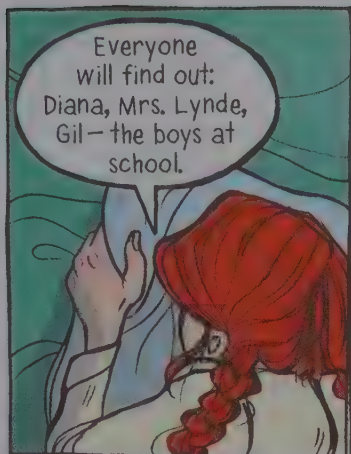












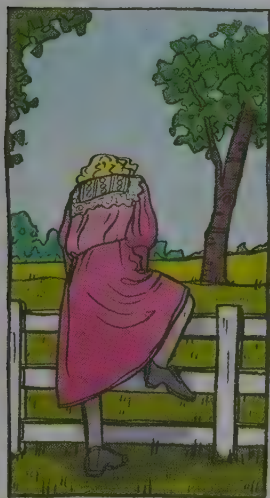


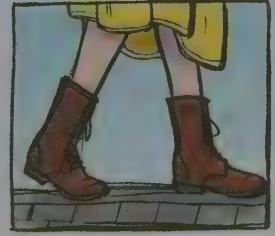
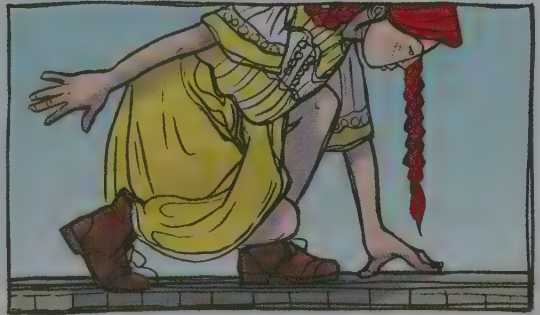
Marilla didn't make much headway in leveling out Anne's intensity. From the highest ecstasies to the "depths of affliction," the girl's mood would soar and sway like a kite in the sweet Avonlea wind. Marilla began to despair of transforming her waif of the world into a prim, demure young lady. And she would have stubbornly denied that, actually, she preferred Anne's nature of spirit and fire and dew.





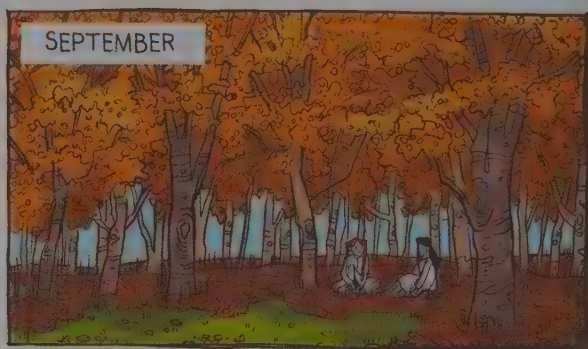
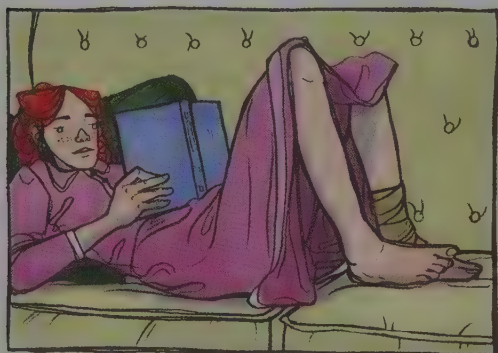












OCTOBER



The new school teacher, Miss Stacy, says we're having a Christmas night concert, and we're to sing and recite.

What will you do?



I'm in two dialogues.

Don't be alarmed if you hear me groaning before dinner.



I have to practice a good artistic groan.

Seems sensible.



Marilla says concerts make you vain and forward and fond of gadding about.

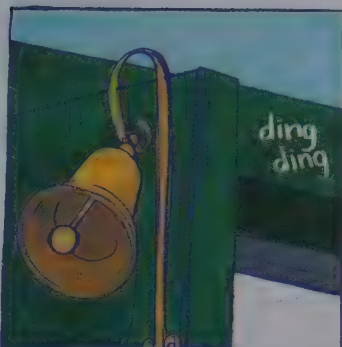
I don't know about that, but I am a bit nervous.



Well now, I reckon you'll do your part very well.



Matthew Cuthbert, a man of few fashionable opinions and even fewer words, was at a loss.



He had his mission, and yet there was one obstacle:



lady shopkeepers.

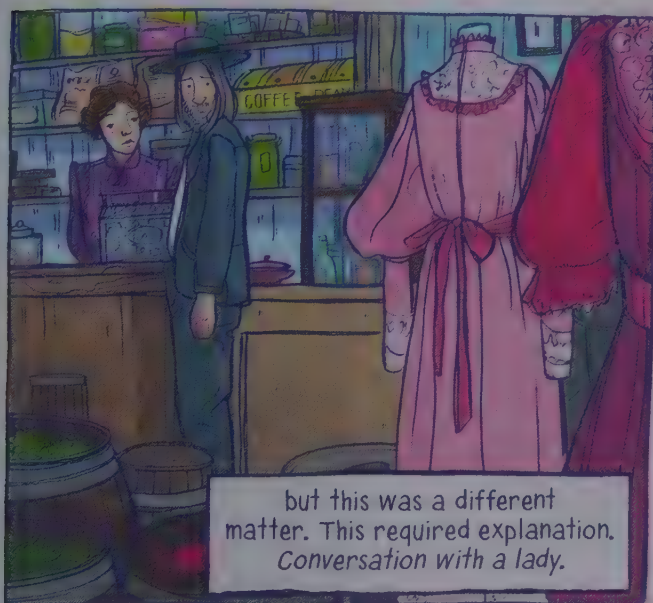


Well hello to you!

He could manage avoiding women most days —



except for his sister and their beloved Anne —



but this was a different matter. This required explanation. Conversation with a lady.



Mr. Cuthbert?

Have you any —







A cartoon illustration showing a woman in a green dress with her back to the viewer, gesturing with her right hand while talking to a person in a white shirt who is also seen from behind. They are standing at a counter with several wooden drawers. A speech bubble from the woman contains the text. The background is a plain, light gray.

And just what am I to
do with *twenty pounds* of
brown sugar?



Matthew!
Come in,
come in.



I'd be
much obliged –
Anne's needing
a dress –

Christmas –

and I
meant –



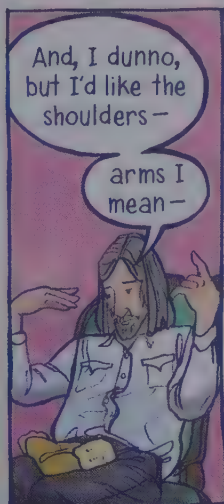
but –

You want me
to pick out a
dress for you to
give Anne?



I'd be
happy to.

Well now –
my thanks.



And, I dunno,
but I'd like the
shoulders –

arms I
mean –

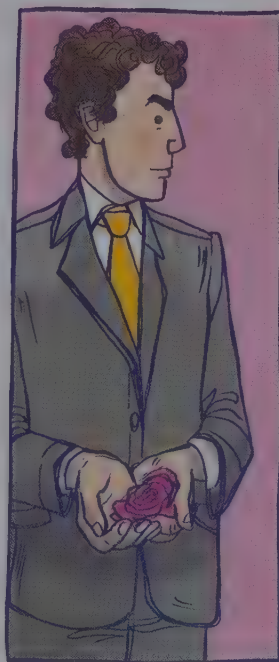
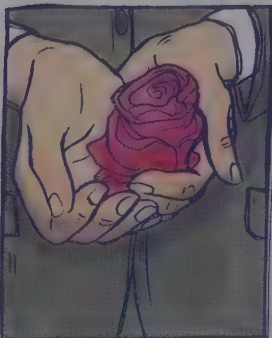
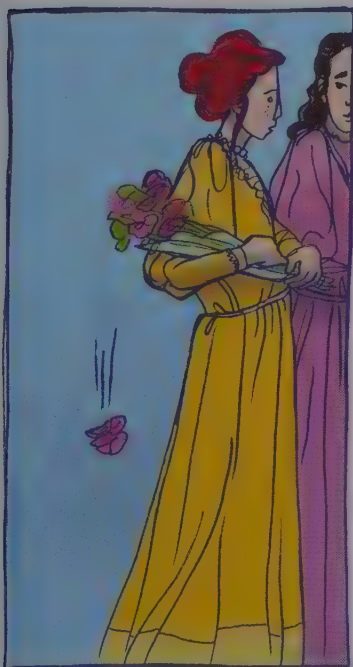
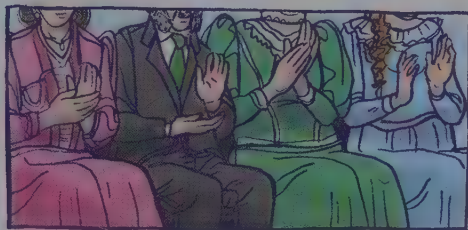
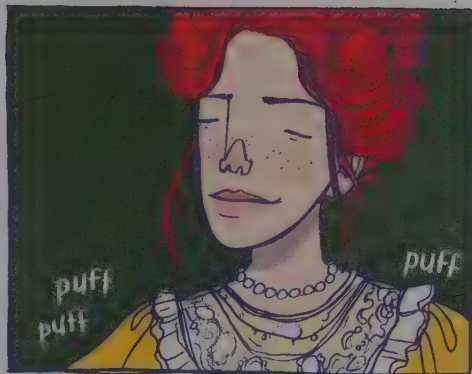


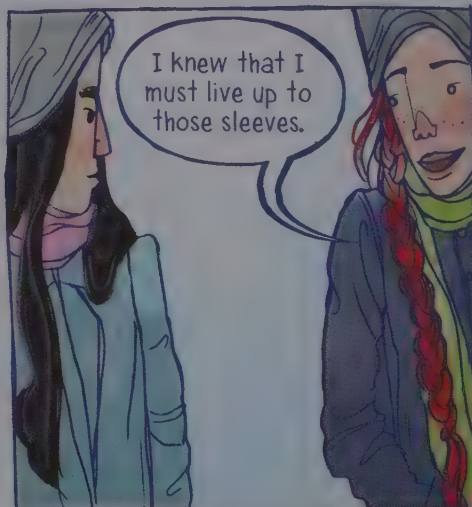
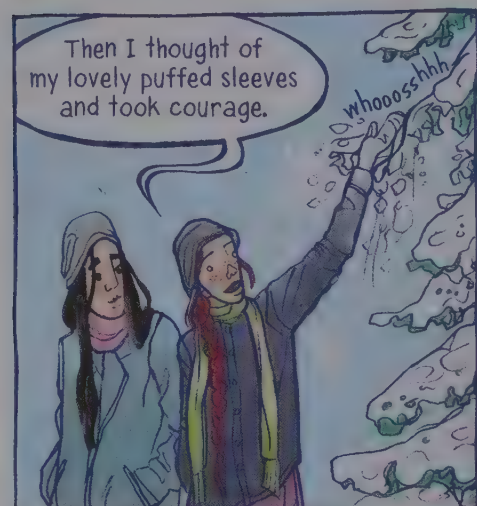
to be made in the
new, erm,

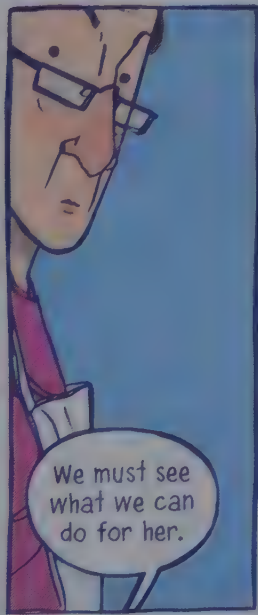
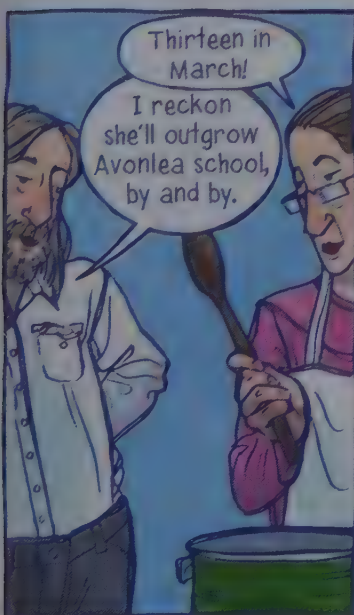
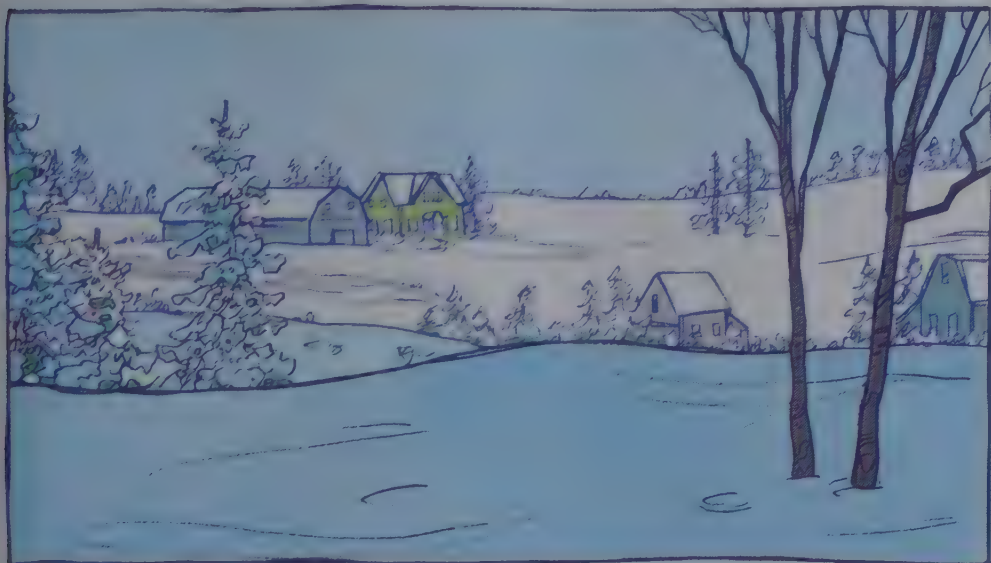
fashion.

I think I
know just what
you mean.



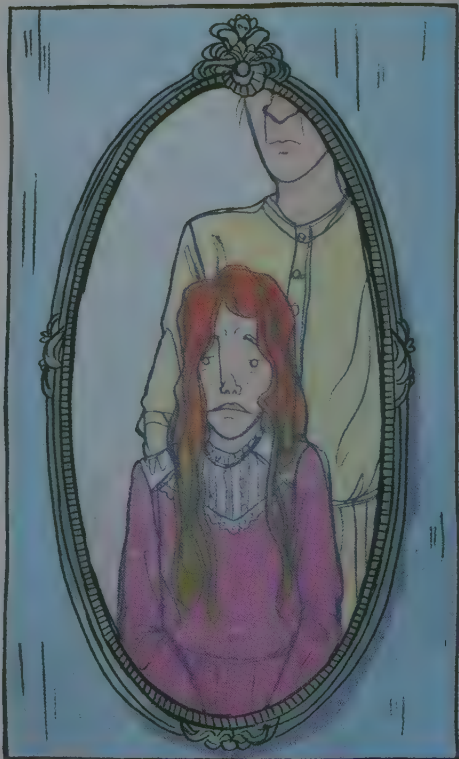
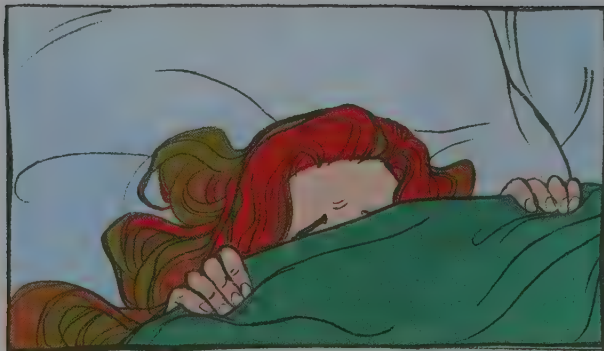


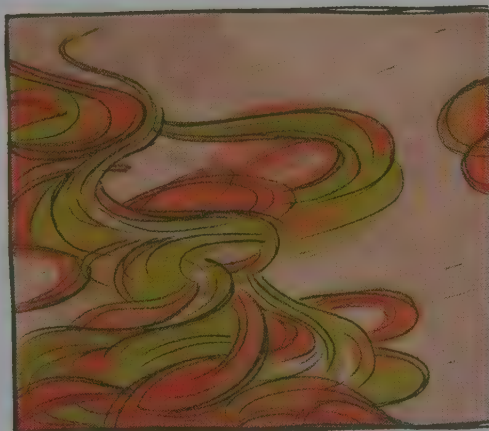
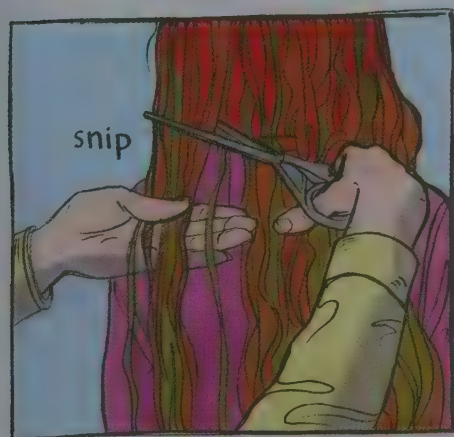


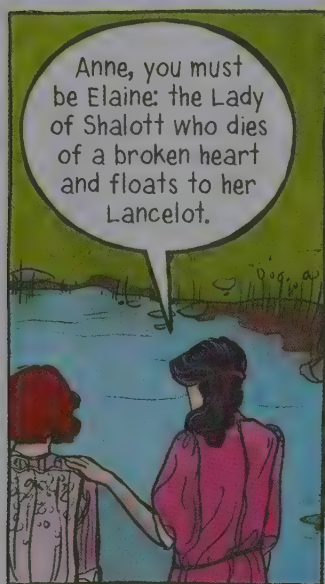










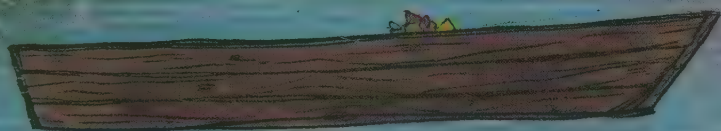


Do you really
think so?

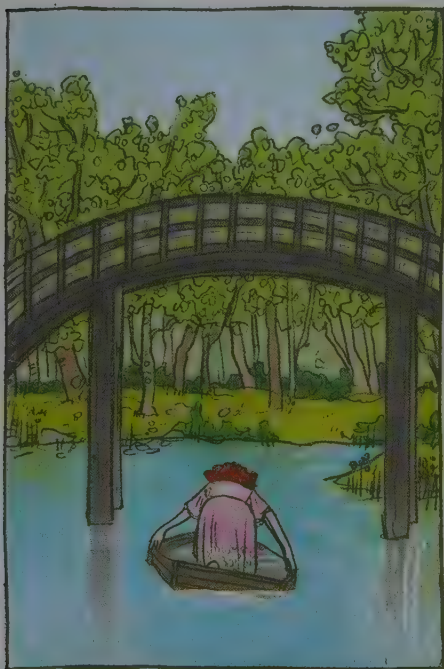


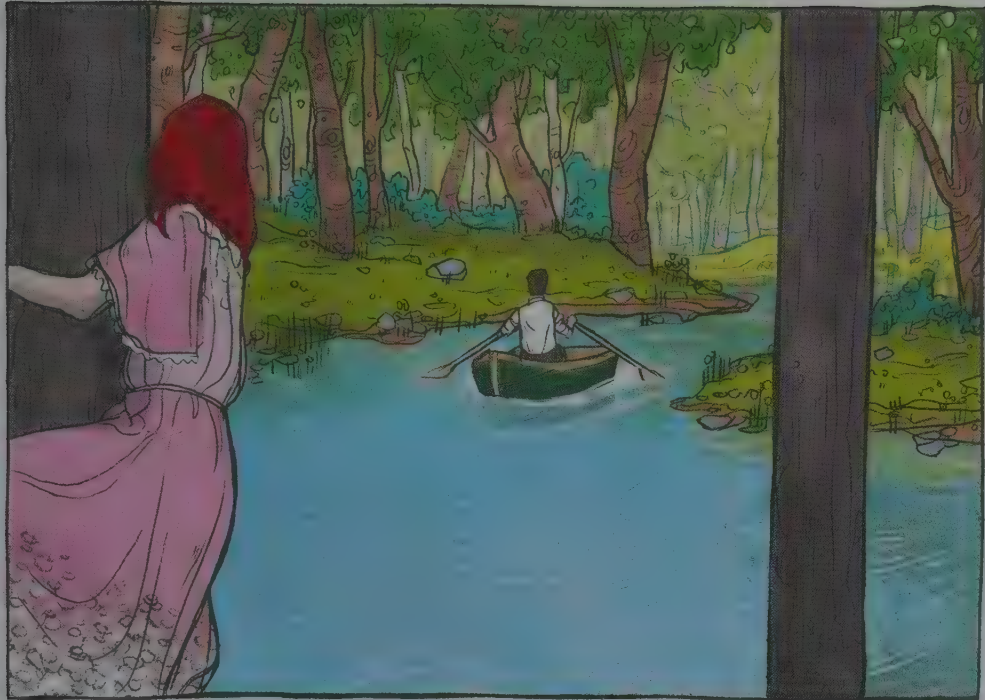


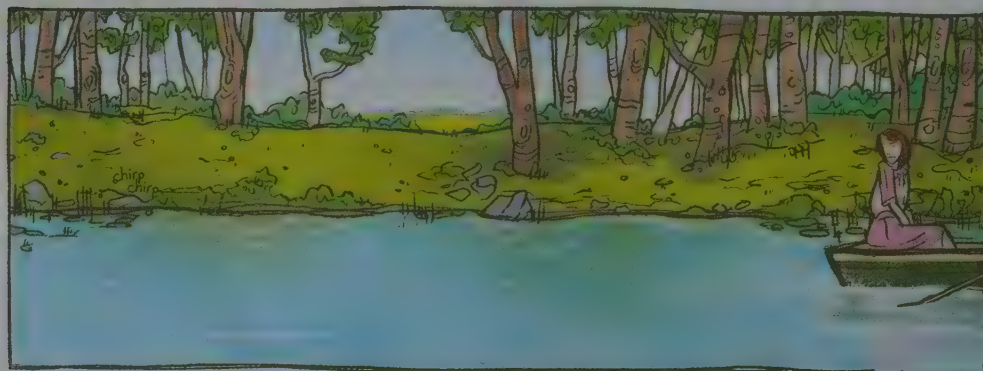
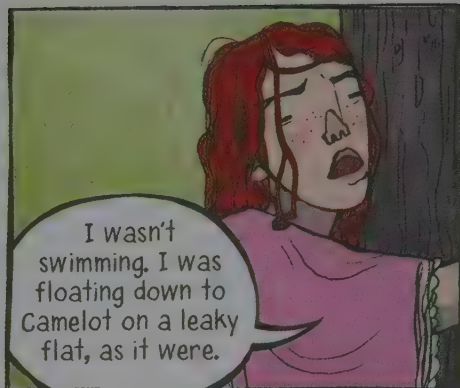
chirp
chirp

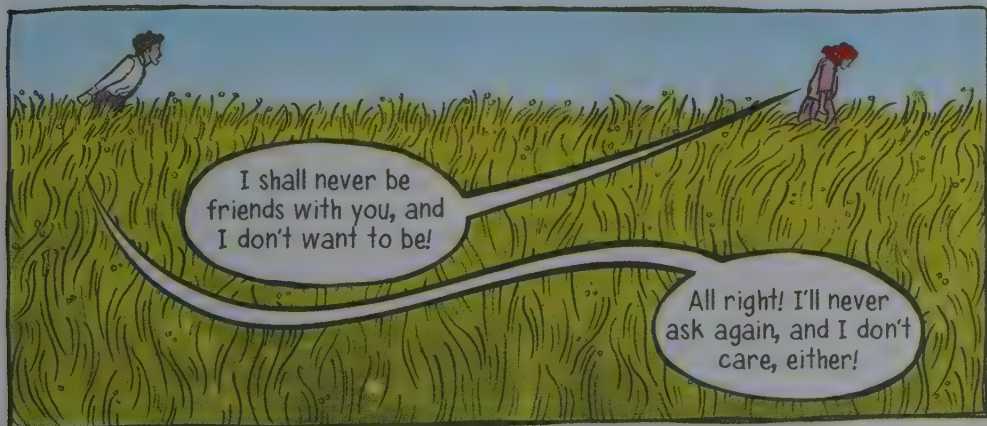


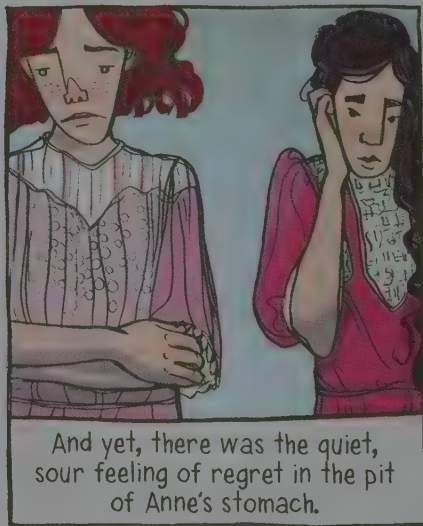
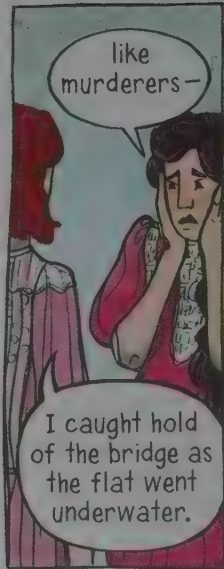
chirp
chirp

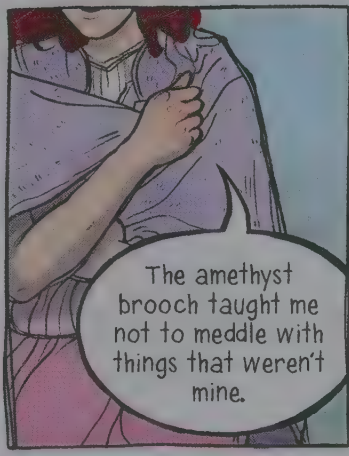


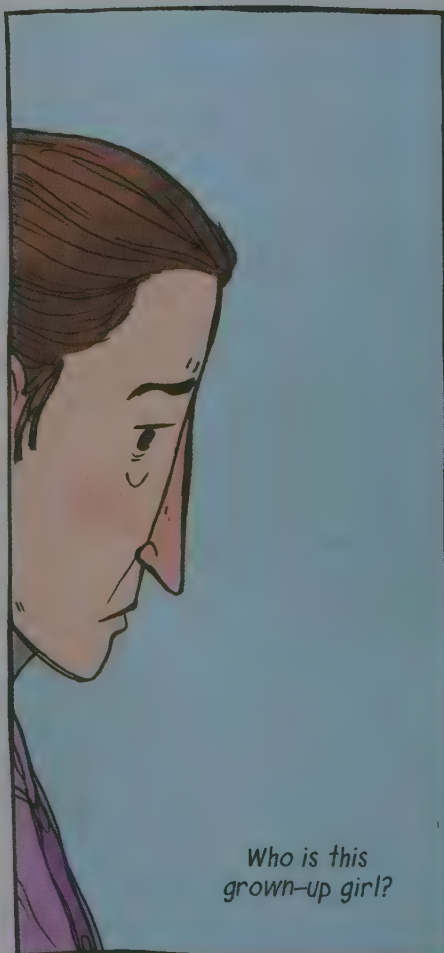


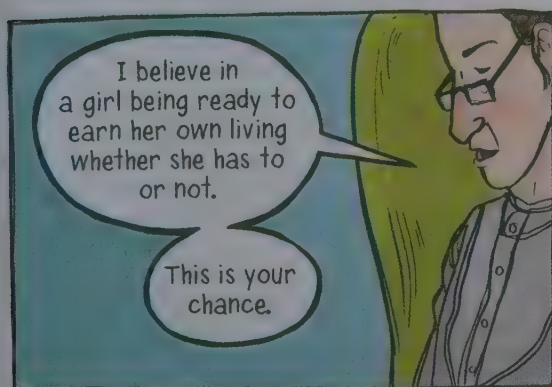
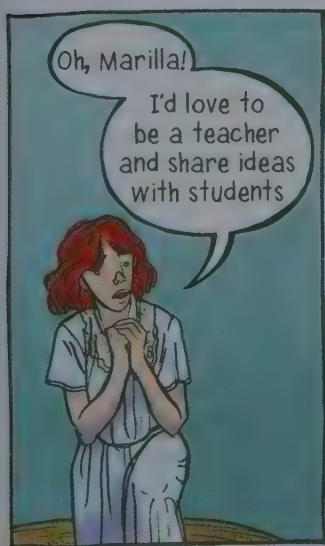
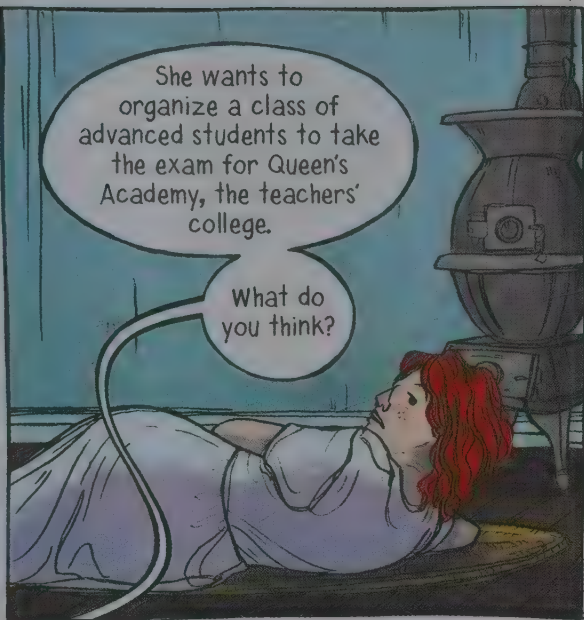








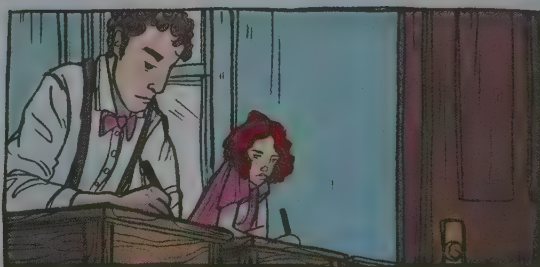
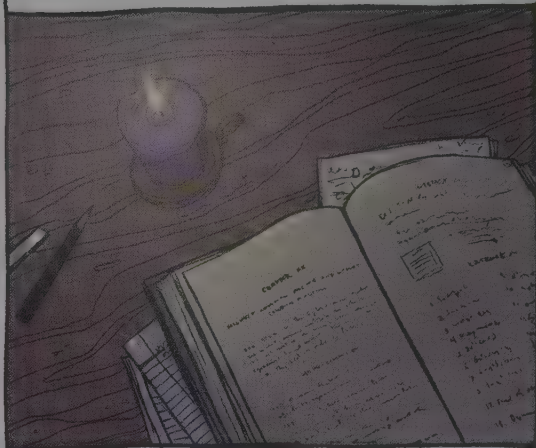






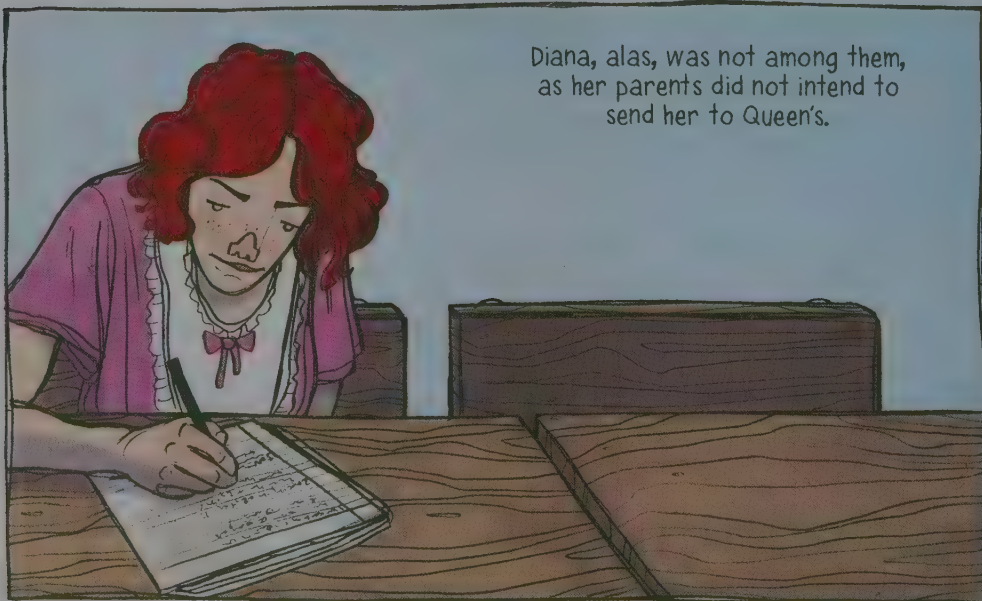
Many an afternoon was spent taking extra classes with Miss Stacy,

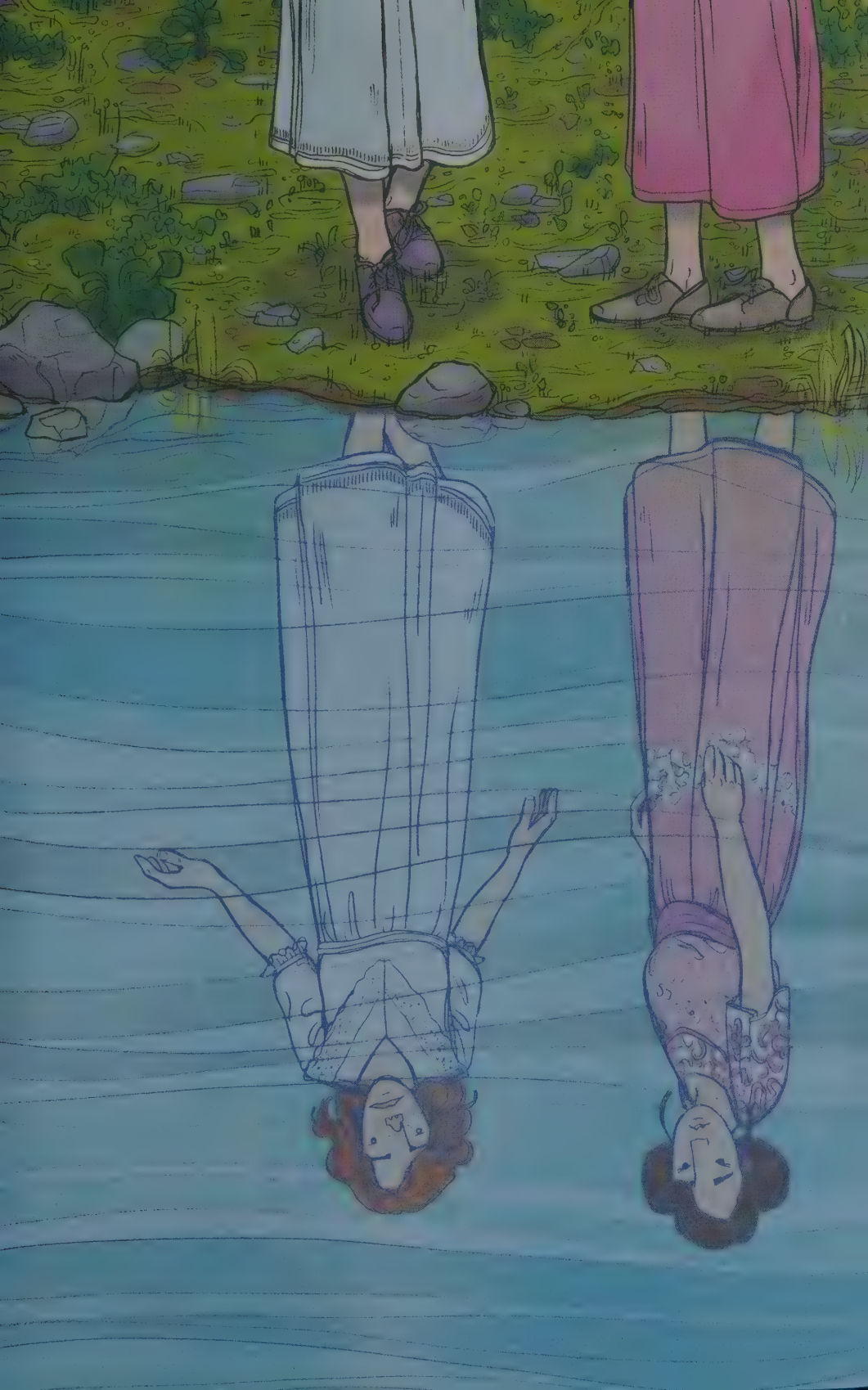
and many a night involved geometry calculations by candlelight.

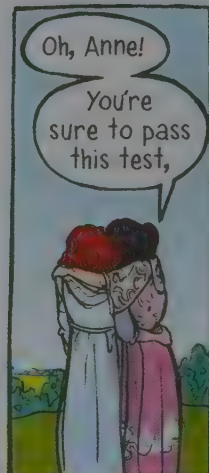
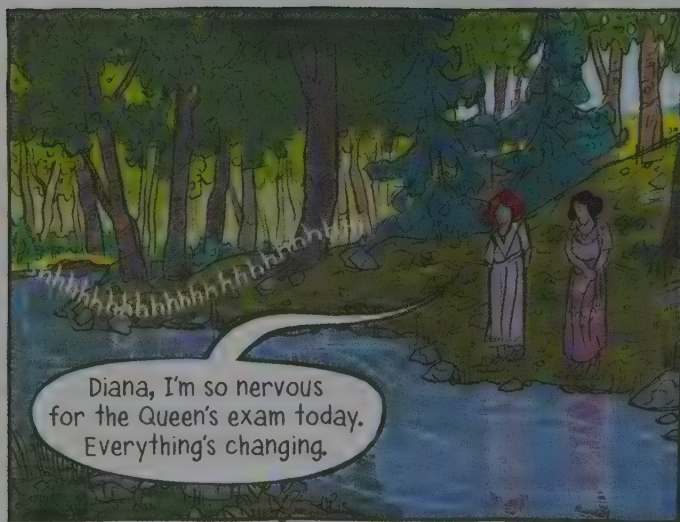


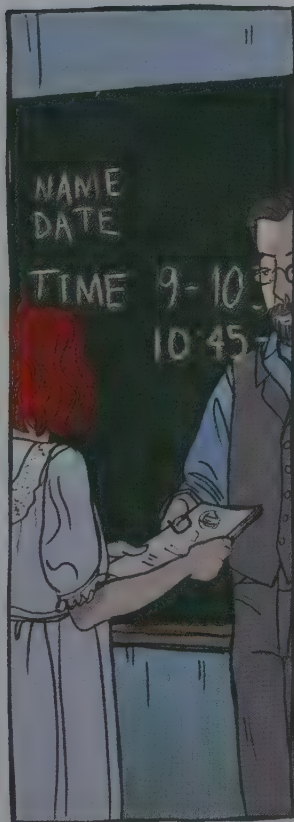
While some of Anne's good friends (along with some good enemies) sharpened themselves for the entrance exam,

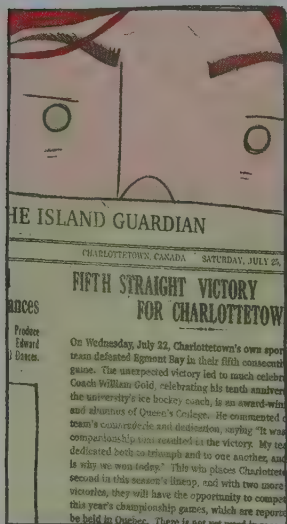
Diana, alas, was not among them, as her parents did not intend to send her to Queen's.







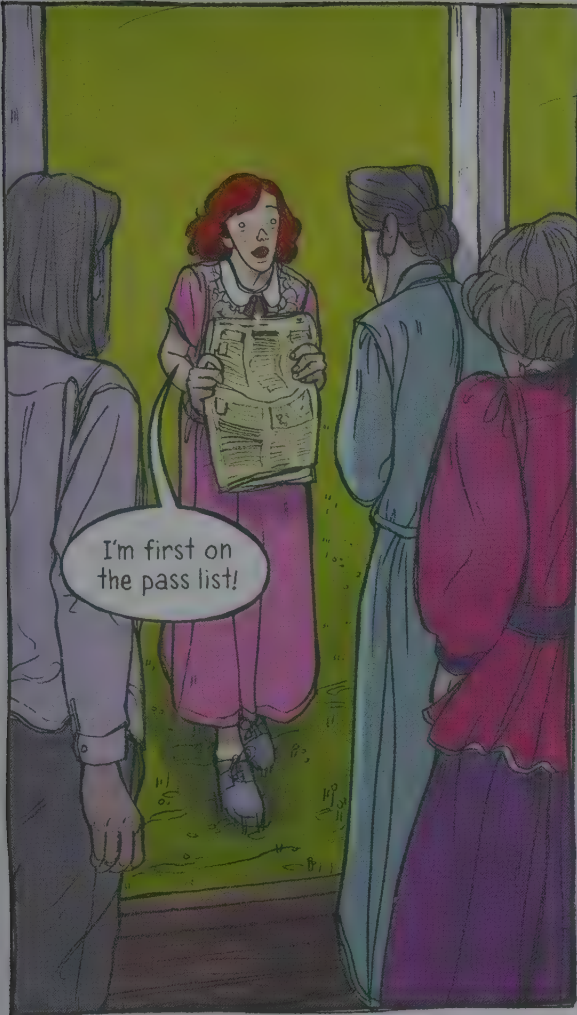


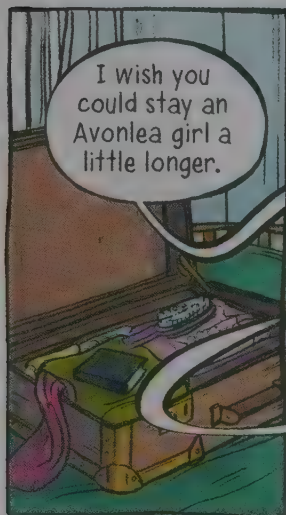


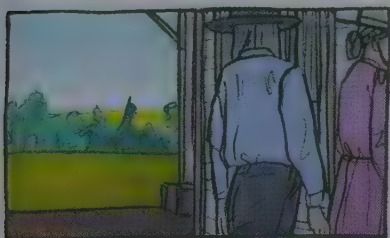
QUEEN'S COLLEGE PASS LIST

ANNE SHIRLEY, 97
GILBERT BLYTHE, 97
RUBY GILLIS, 94
THOMAS COLLINS, 90
MARY ABRAMS, 89
JANE ANDREWS, 85
JOSIE PYE, 81
EDGAR MACDONALD, 81











New school. New faces.

A new kind of loneliness, one that could be felt even in a crowded room.



It was comforting to see that familiar boy in her advanced classes...



though she'd never admit it.



He looks awfully determined.



Look at that jutting chin—rather like a polished Roman general.

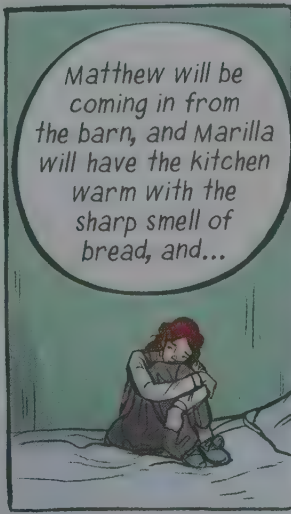
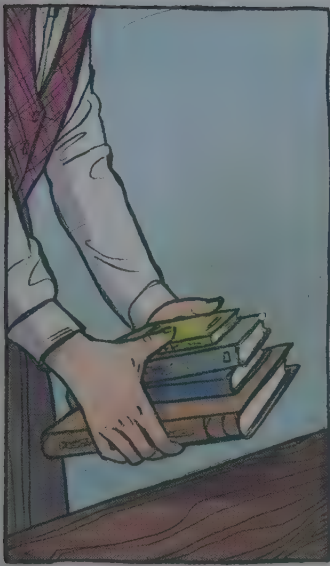
Never noticed its charming angle before.



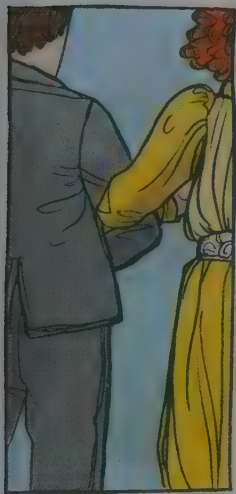
brrrringgg

Oh!











Winter found
Anne deep in
her studies,



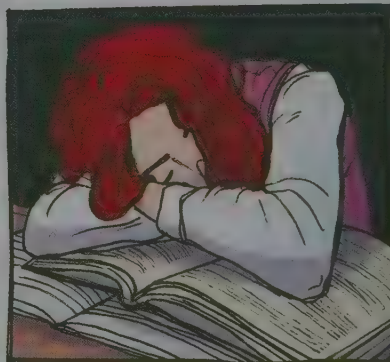
venturing out for Sunday
dinners with the fiery Aunt
Josephine Barry...



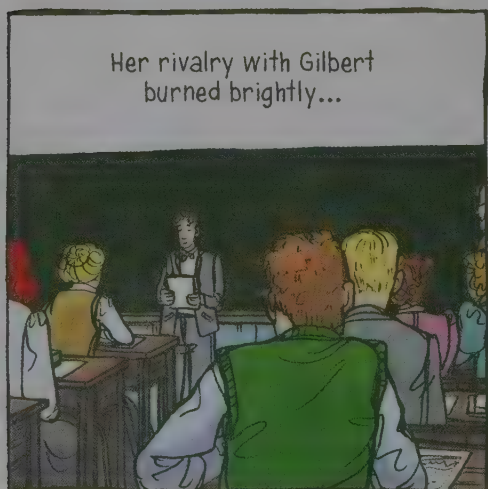
burrowing in the
library under a pile
of English poets...



taking in the crisp, tangy air with
the Avonlea girls...



and falling asleep on top of her
painstaking Latin translations.



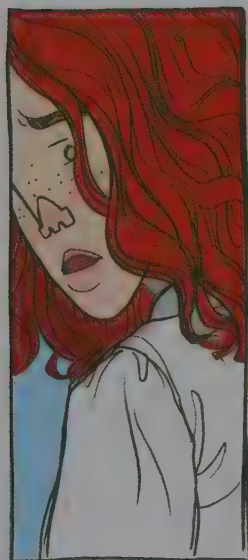
Her rivalry with Gilbert
burned brightly...

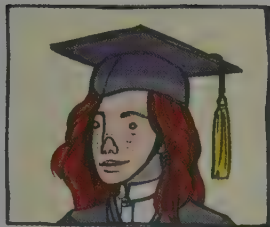
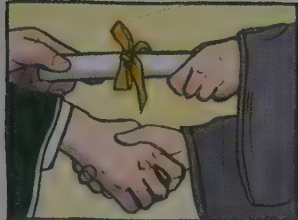


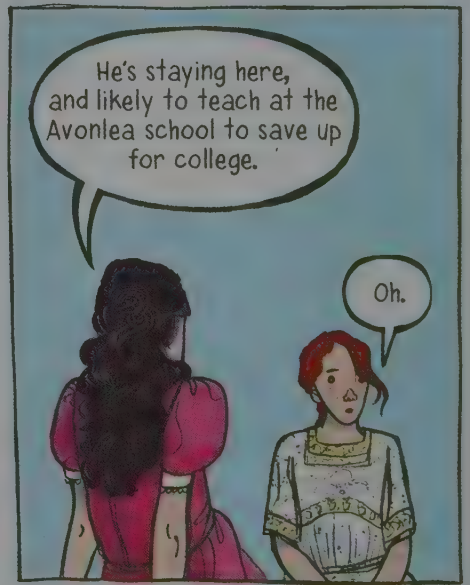
but without
the heat of
her old
loathing.

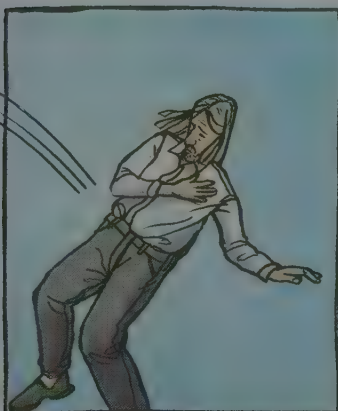
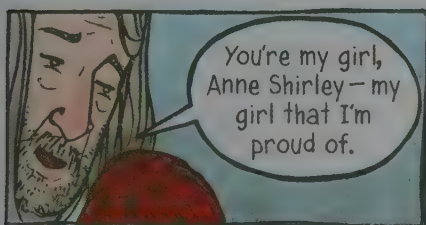




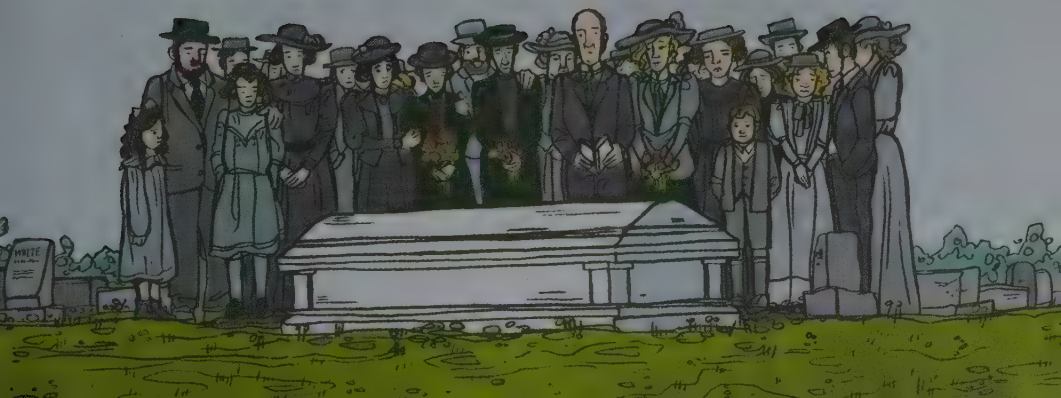


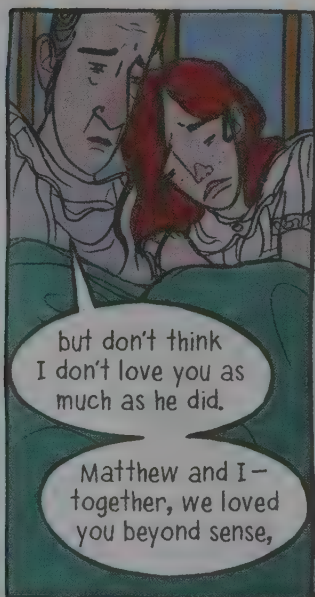


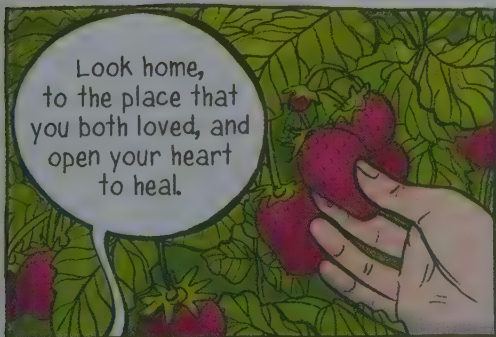




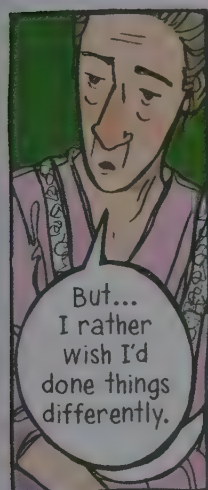




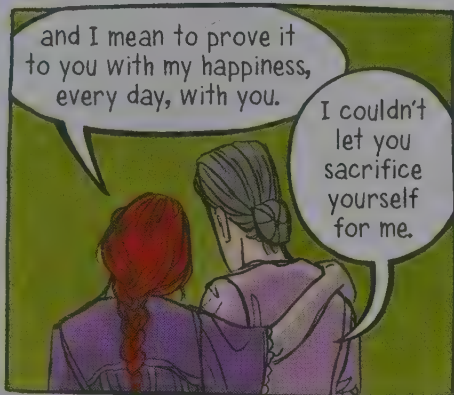
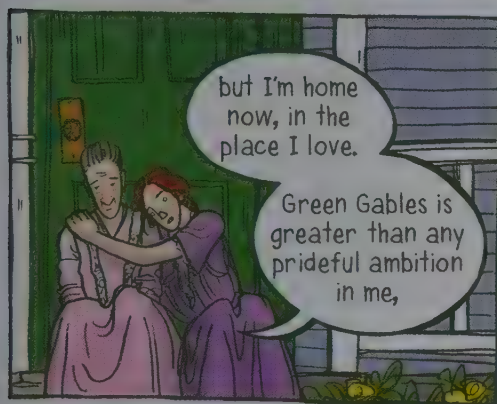
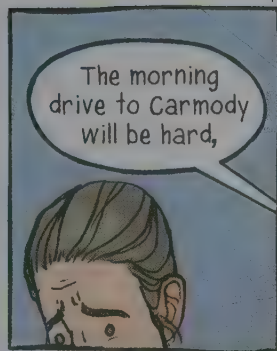


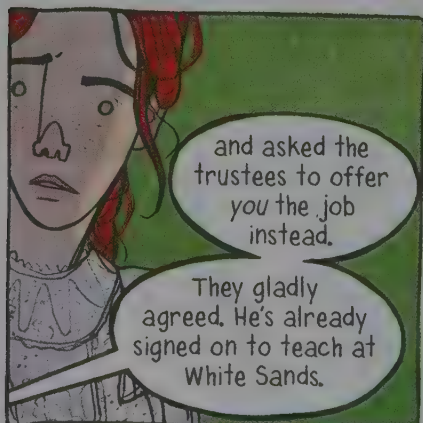
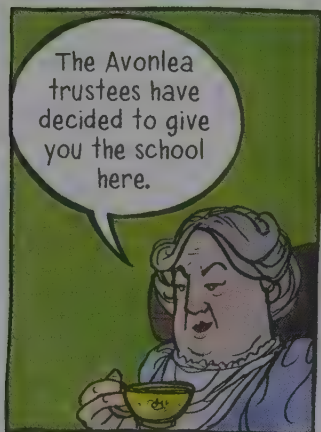


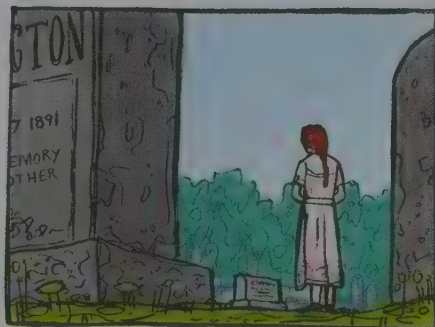
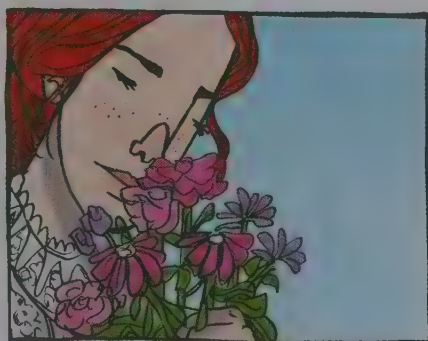














THOR

ABRAMS
1824-1875

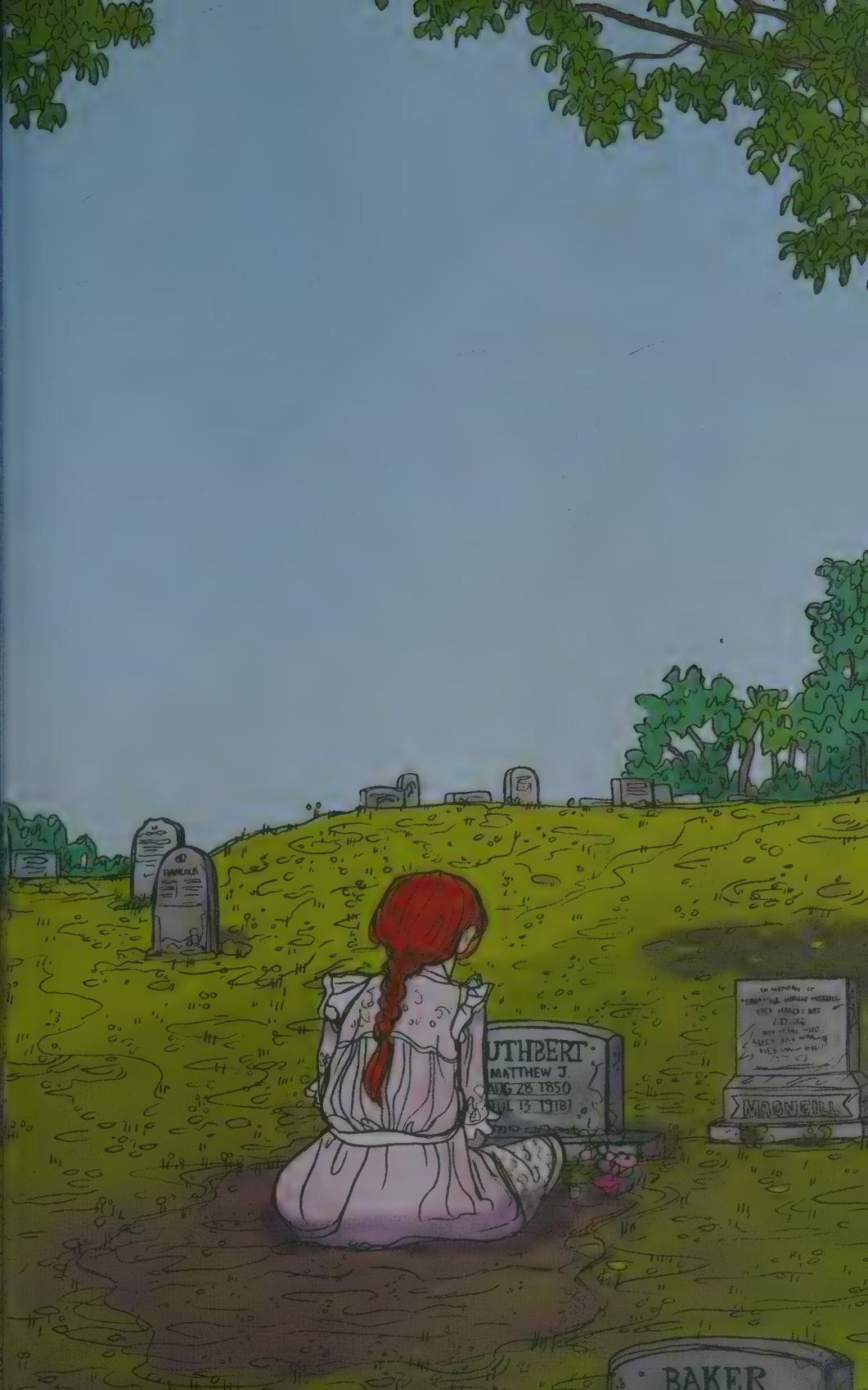
MACDONALD
REV. ETHEL MACDONALD
1870-1943
ELUC. HANCOCK CHURCH
MACDONALD
BORN IN MACDONALD
1874-1943

COLLINS
EDGAR R. GERTY
April 7 1883
June 9 1974

MORRIS
ROSE A.
JULY 9 1812
SEP 24 1853

MACNEILL
IN LOVING
MEMORY OF A WIFE

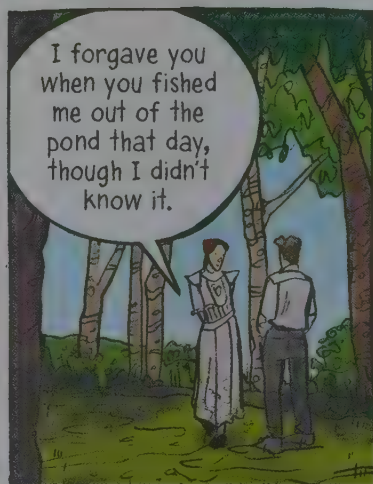
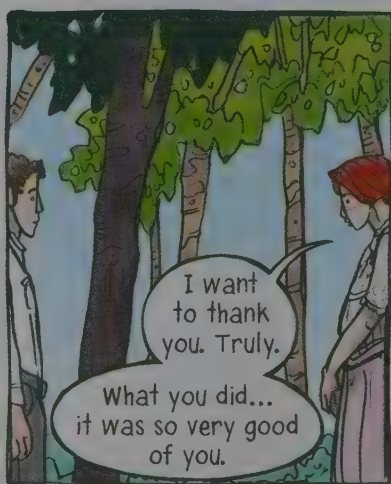
WELL
SARA E.
FEB 8 1821
DEC 2 1897

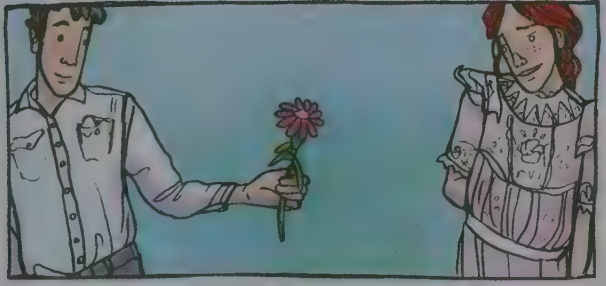


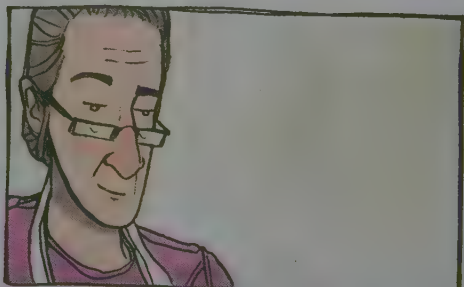
SOUTHBERT
MATTHEW J.
AUG 28 1850
JUL 13 1918

IN MEMORY OF
REVEREND, WISE, AND
GOOD MAN
EDWARD
MAGNELL
BORN 1818
DIED 1888

BAKER

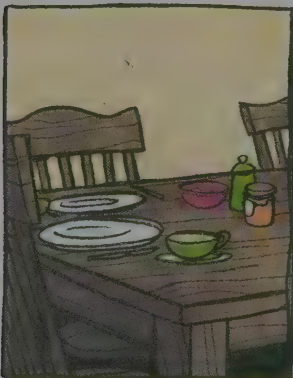
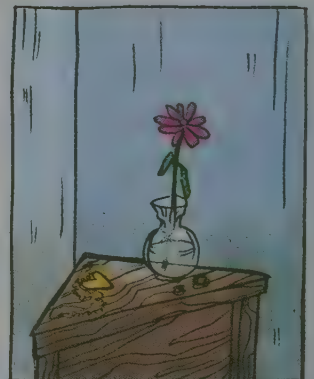
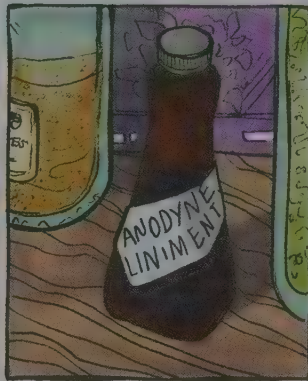
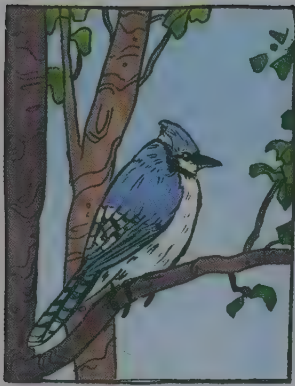






*Was it really
half an hour?*





Anne could see her life through the window of Green Gables — a future filled with worthy work, sincere friendships, and unknowable adventures — and she realized that her world was bigger than she had ever imagined it to be.





Mariah Marsden spent her childhood hunting for faeries amidst the old hills of the Missouri Ozarks.

She began telling stories to pass the time on her family's farm, and she hasn't stopped since. A former children's librarian, she earned her MFA in Creative Writing and Media Arts from the University of Missouri-Kansas City.

She writes about the dreams and difficulties of girlhood, the folklore of her region, and the complexities of rural life.

She's still on the lookout for faeries.



Brenna Thummler grew up in northwestern Pennsylvania, where she developed a great love for nature trails, peanut butter, and, above all, drawing. A graduate of Ringling College of Art and Design, she was named the Society of Illustrators Zankel Scholar during her junior year. Since graduation, she has done editorial and advertising work for such clients as the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, Razorfish, and Empathic Films LLC. *Anne of Green Gables* is her first graphic novel but won't be her last: she's currently writing and illustrating her own, entitled *Sheets*.

In those rare moments she's not creating art, you might find her dancing, making music, baking cheesecakes, or spending time with kindred spirits.

PRAISE FOR *ANNE OF GREEN GABLES*

"The spirit of Anne is alive and well in Mariah Marsden's crisp adaptation, and it's a thrill to watch as the beloved orphan rushes headlong through Brenna Thummler's heavenly landscapes. Together Marsden and Thummler conjure all the magic and beauty of Green Gables. Like Anne herself, you won't want to leave."

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— Georgia Dunn, *Breaking Cat News*

"The illustrations are incredible, and Anne is such a captivating character...I finished reading this book and then immediately read it again."

— Dana Simpson, *Phoebe and Her Unicorn*

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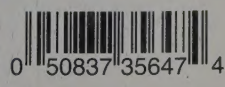
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Author: Mariah Marsden
Illustrator, Designer: Brenna Thummler
Editor: Kendra Phipps
Creative Director: Tim Lynch
Production Editor: Erika Kuster
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